PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

JUL 3 1942

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XXIII. No. 589 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1942 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

	Page		Page		Page
COMMENTS	361	THE MELODRAMA. By Edward Sackville West	368	REVIEWS:	
TO-MORROW'S KEY TO POWER	363	PLAYS AND PICTURES	368	Pilots. By Raymond Mortimer	371
THE LABOUR CONFERENCE AND AFTER. By Harold J. Laski	363	THE MOVIES. By William Whitebait	368	The Perfect Secretary. By Harold J. Laski	372
HEATED PEOPLE. By Mass-Observation	364	DEAD AND ALIVE. By Sagittarius	368	Total Negligence. By James Pope-Hennessy	373
A LONDON DIARY. By Critic	365	CORRESPONDENCE	369	A Scottish Surgeon. By Harry Roberts	373
THIS ENGLAND	366	From Socialist; Rose Macaulay; John Murray; Margaret Penn; and others.		New Novels. By Henry Sturgess	374
FOR THOSE ASHORE. By C. W. Balchin	366	BOOKS IN GENERAL. By V. S. Pritchett	371	WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	375
THE CREDULOUS PHYSICIAN	367				

COAL AND THE NATION

THE White Paper on the re-organisation of the coal industry is another reminder that the substance of power in this country still belongs to the great vested interests which are defended by the majority of the House of Commons. During this war not a single key of power has been surrendered by monopoly capitalism or the 1922 Committee. Coal is the test case; for a generation the private ownership of one of our basic national resources has hampered economic progress, embittered class relations and cost the nation hundreds of millions of pounds in lock-outs, strikes and inefficiency. To-day, in the middle of a great war, the technical reasons for the State taking over the mines were more obvious than ever before. Even so this bastion of Conservatism could only have been captured if the Labour Party, the miners, and the non-Conservative members of the Cabinet had been prepared to resist anything less than nationalisation. As it is, a very unsatisfactory compromise has been arranged. Efforts will be made to appease the miners by a wage increase for which a subsidy will be necessary. The mine owners have little reason to trouble since they are to maintain ownership of mines during the war and since they intend that the management will revert to their hands after the war. Dr. Dalton and those who have demanded fuel-rationing and re-organisation will be in a position to say that some progress has been made; the State has taken over not the mines, but the actual management of the mines for the period of the war. They will urge that they have taken a step in the direction of technical efficiency, which should improve the position for the battle over nationalisation which is inevitable when the war comes to an end.

Full nationalisation could only have been accomplished given a united determination by the miners and the Labour Party. There was at least reason to hope for a scheme by which the nation would fully take over the mines for the duration, and which promised a scheme of public ownership after the war. As it is Major Lloyd George is appointed Minister of Fuel, Light and Power; Mr. Tom Smith and Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd are his Parliamentary Secretaries. Under the Minister will be a Controller-General and Regional Controllers for the six mining regions. They have powers to shut uneconomic mines, to concentrate on productive seams, and to move miners from one area to another. The Government has had those powers ever since the beginning of the war, and, in fact, occasionally uses them. The principal change which the miners anticipate from this scheme is that the Essential Works Order will be regularly applied. In so far as the Controllers exercise these powers to the detriment of the interests of the owners, they will be fully compensated for any uneconomic use of their mines during the war, and they are to receive not a guaranteed minimum, but the profits of the particular mines they own. The efficiency of such a scheme must largely depend not on the National and Regional Boards which are purely advisory, but on the personnel selected for the position of controllers. Capable organisers may do much to cut out some of the causes of present inefficiency.

The most seriou defect of the whole reorganisation scheme from the point of view of war efficiency is that the owners will continue to assume that the mines will revert to their hands after the war, while the miners will continue rightly to protest at working for the private profit of the coal owners. Thus, there is nothing in the scheme to remove the principal psychological inhibitions to production; in so far as the mine-owners still retain influence, which we presume will still be considerable, it will be biased by considerations of post-war interest, while little will have been done to lessen the present tendency towards absenteeism and slowing-up of work. We hoped at least to get from this battle an assurance which would enable Sir Stafford Cripps and others whose names mean much to the miners, to tour the coalfields and to inspire the men to produce for the public and not for private gain. What will be the miners' response to the bland statement that "it is not intended . . . to introduce any fundamental alteration in the financial structure of the industry"?

As an answer to the White Paper there appears a summary of a great rationing scheme on the lines prepared by Sir William Beveridge. A few weeks ago Sir Stafford Cripps stated that fuel rationing must in the interests of the war effort, begin not later than June 1st, and Dr. Dalton's whole case for rationing was based on the assumption of its urgent necessity. It is odd now to read the statement that "the Government have decided that it is not essential that the scheme should be introduced forthwith." Presumably, if there is widespread trouble next winter owing to fuel shortage the Beveridge scheme, designed to avoid shortage and unequal distribution by drastic rationing during the summer months, will be introduced—with a reminder, we hope, that it was the members of the 1922 Committee who could not face the winter without central heating.

The Three Fronts

To send a force of over a thousand bombers over Western Germany twice within 48 hours was an unprecedented feat of organisation. New tactics were used, for the raid over Cologne was confined to 90 minutes, and the ceaseless procession of bombers, each of which flew as rapidly as possible over the doomed city, may have confused or demoralised its defenders. But with this technique, accuracy of aim must have been sacrificed to indiscriminate bombardment. The raid appears to have been more devastating in its effect than any inflicted by German raiders in this country. Mr. Churchill addressed a grim warning to the German workers of the wrath to come. If he thinks them more cowardly than our own men, who can "take it," we believe he is mistaken. But if he reckons that they are less ready to defend Hitler's dictatorship than ours are to defend this democracy, why does he refuse to address to them anything better than a menace? They will not revolt, so long as they believe that it is the purpose of the United Nations to make life for them and their children unendurable to self-respecting men. Our casualties, under 4 per cent. in each raid, were relatively light, but taken in their cumulative effect they set some limit to efforts on this scale. That Himmler has been chosen to take over the A.R.P. services may indicate some disorganisation and possibly

some political disaffection among the older men.

The battle in Libya is far from being finished, but its progress is satisfactory and it is probable that Rommel's plan went awry. The vanguard of his tanks got as far as the escarpment near the shore in the first rush to take Tobruk. It should have been supplied from the sea, but this our Navy foiled. It is conceivable that some more ambitious naval or aerial operation from Sicily or Crete was planned to co-operate with the armoured spear-head, which failed to come off. What the enemy has achieved, however, is that after first driving two lanes through our North-to-South minefield, he has now widened the gap, taking a biggish toll of prisoners from its defenders in the process. Both sides have lost heavily in tanks and planes, but since we hold the battlefield, many of our damaged tanks can be reconditioned, whereas the enemy's losses are final. Much of our success was due to the good qualities of the new American tank, the "General Grant."

The biggest of all these battles, on the Russian front round and south of Kharkov, has come to a close in an apparent stalemate. The Russians have lost their big salient that pointed towards the Dneiper, but they have stubbornly held their positions along the Donetz. So long as they retain these, the eventual southern offensive towards Rostov and the Caucasus can hardly go very far while its flank is in danger. Another utterance by Dr. Goebbels confirms much other evidence of increasing disquiet among the rulers of Germany about the psychological effect of prolonged war in the East and R.A.F. pressure in the West. In the occupied territories the attack on Heydrich and the horrible tale of reprisal shootings spell for the Nazis only an increasingly menacing situation.

Home Front *(by an Industrial Correspondent.)*

Looking back on last week's Labour Party Conference, one realises how big a change it implies. The close divisions over the proposed extension of the party truce and the continued suppression of the *Daily Worker* were not based on a revolt of the Local Labour Parties against Trade Union dictatorship: they brought the Mineworkers' Federation, the N.U.R., and the A.E.U. into action against the Executive. It is not without significance that the Executive derived its main support from the two very big unions of less skilled workers —the General and Municipal Workers' Union and the Transport and General Workers'. Thus the old-time order is reversed. The "new" Unions are to-day the Labour conservatives and the Unions dominated by the more skilled workers the radicals. Yet that is not quite true either; for the Mineworkers, the Railwaymen, and to a certain extent the A.E.U., stand for "industrial" Unionism rather than for the old craft union ideas. The truth is that the unions of general workers are, in practical working, a good deal less democratic than either the Miners or the Railwaymen, and respond much more slowly to pressure from below. As for the Local Labour Parties, they form a united bloc hardly more than the Unions. Anti-Communist policy is still very strong among a good number of them, and so is the feeling of hostility to anyone who is suspected of a desire to undermine the working-class party they have been at so much pains to build up. Some of them are ready to recognise that the country is getting tired of the existing parties, and that what is needed is a rallying of the democrats over a wider field than any party flag can be stretched to cover. But a good many still regard Acland, Priestley and the various brands of Independent as dangerous interlopers and, even if they are critical of Transport House and of Mr. Attlee, are much more critical of anyone who dares to suggest that the Labour Party is not good enough for everybody who is on the right side.

* * *

I felt that, underlying certain of the big discussions, there was a confusion of thought. A great many people are disposed to hold that it will be impossible or undesirable to go back to the old form of party government as soon as the war is over. But, whereas the supporters of Attlee and of Transport House are apt to identify this opinion with the idea that the country will need to remain under a coalition based on the Conservative and Labour Parties, their critics are thinking of a quite different sort of Government—not a coalition of the old parties, but a "national" government based on a new orientation of political attitudes and personalities, and led not by one of the old party leaders, but by someone new. Cripps is at the moment the obvious candidate, though his popularity has waned a good deal since he has become the Government's official defender in the House of Commons. It may be Cripps, or it may be someone else, when the time comes: the essential thing is that, in the minds of the critics, it will not be Churchill and it will not be Attlee. These two points of view got, I thought, very much tangled up in people's minds last week. It was, indeed, the confusion between them that made it possible for Shinwell and Laski to stand forth as the chief spokesmen of the Executive at the Conference.

* * *

The miners' wage claim has gone to the Government, as everyone knew it would. The mine-owners reply blandly that they cannot afford to pay the wages asked. If the Government cares to pay them, well and good: that is the Government's affair. The full concession of the claims would add, they argue, 5s. a ton to the cost of coal: it is for the Government to meet this cost, if it is to be met, either by passing it on to the consumers or by giving a subsidy to the industry. Indeed, almost any wage claim, beyond the tiniest, is bound in these days to be mainly a Government matter; for the employers will in all cases demand the right either to raise the controlled prices of their wares if wages are increased, or to receive a subsidy to cover the cost. In most industries questions about wages go in the last resort either to the National Arbitration Tribunal or to some special tribunal empowered to issue an award. But the miners have no such tribunal on a national scale, and have always claimed the right to carry their demands directly to the Government. The cotton operatives, who have a case very like that of the miners, had their wages claims rejected only two or three weeks ago by the tribunals to which they were referred. In these instances, the Government was able to avoid being formally a party to the decision; but now, in the case of the miners, it has to take the responsibility. What is it going to say?

* * *

The position in brief is that, *on the average*, miners' wages have risen by about 36 per cent. since the outbreak of war, whereas the cost of living has risen by about 30 per cent. The miners have thus apparently improved their position. But it is notorious that they were, as a result of prolonged depression in the coal industry, very badly paid before the war. Moreover, an average is not the same thing as a minimum; and the miners' main demand is for a *minimum* wage of £4 5s. a week, though they are also asking for an all-round increase. If they are really being paid as well as the owners suggest, the £4 5s. minimum can hardly cost very much, and might surely be conceded without prejudice to what may be done about the wider claims. This latter arises mainly out of the disparity between the earnings of miners and men in the munition works. This disparity is not new; but it has become a more deeper grievance since men who had left the pits for munition work earlier in the war have been ordered back to them at greatly reduced earnings. Even now, the wise course would be to have an open period of a few months during which all important outstanding wage grievances could be freely considered, to be followed by an agreed stabilisation of all wage-rates for the rest of the war period. This would imply, on the Government's side, a continuance of the policy of holding the cost of living steady; and it would involve, at this stage, scaling low wages up rather than attempting to scale high wages down. It would have its dangers; but if the job were well done it would be well worth doing.

* * *

The Ministry of Works and Planning Bill—the little Bill that nobody loves—is due to pass through its remaining stages at once. When it is through, it will at last be possible to take the first step towards setting up some sort of regional planning machinery. But the Ministry of Works and Planning, confined within the limitations of the pre-war Town and Country Planning Acts, will have no effective authority to do anything at all that could not have been done at any time previously by the Ministry of Health. Indeed, it will be able to do less; for the Ministry of Health had, under other Acts, a number of powers which are not being transferred by the present Bill. In addition, there remains the absurdity that the location of industry, which is the key to effective planning, will not be within the reference of any planning machinery set up under the Bill. Location of industry "belongs" to the Board of Trade, which has no local or regional machinery at all. I suppose the sponsors of the Bill will answer that it is a "first instalment." An instalment of what? Of real planning, or of a deliberate policy of sabotaging the creation of any planning machinery capable of tackling the job?

* * *

Of the report by the Federation of British Industries on Reconstruction, only about four pages are important. These sections embody the practical proposals of the Federation, in contrast to the cackle. The cackle consists of various platitudes on the maintenance of peace, and international co-operation. What is more interesting is the veiled distrust of the increasing power of America's industry. The solid meat is a demand to the Government to permit industrial companies to accumulate huge reserves for post-war reconstruction, the affirmation of their belief that if any controlling is to be done, it should be done through trade associations (one of the nicest touches makes regulation of production synonymous with restriction). Finally, they demand that the Government should consult vested interests on tariff policy, as soon as possible, or at any rate early enough to permit the accumulation of reserves, and before committing itself on tariffs and taxation.

The Cities for the People

The *Observer* has performed a national service by publishing Sir Charles Bressey's article on "Control of Building," in which he said that planning powers to rebuild the blitzed cities must be exercised by an authority wielding full rights of ownership. Town planning experts have been struggling for this principle for a generation; and it was prudently though plainly expressed in the Bressey Report on the location of industry. What is more interesting still, however, is the reception given to the doctrine of municipal ownership of the building sites of cities by mayors whose comments were published by *The Observer* last Sunday. Birmingham, Bristol, Glasgow, York, Plymouth, Portsmouth, Coventry, Exeter all agreed. It may be said that Glasgow has a Socialist Town Council; and indeed Mr. Biggar asks for national funds for rebuilding, and has a wistful mention of nationalisation of the land. But nobody could accuse Lord Astor, the Mayor of Plymouth, of being a Red. Yet his comment is the strongest, because the most succinct.

Public ownership of land in a city is vital to its replanning. Hitler has given blitzed towns "an

ADVERTISED GOODS.—The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

CENSORSHIP REGULATIONS allow readers to post this paper to any part of the British Empire (excepting Eire and Northern Ireland) and to any country of the American Continent (excepting dependencies of enemy-occupied countries) but readers are advised to consult a Post Office or a newsagent before attempting to post elsewhere.

POSTAGE on this issue is: Inland, 1½d.; Foreign, 1d.; Canada, 1d.

unexpected chance which the Government must not spoil by lack of vision and courage. Parliament should demand immediate legislation, otherwise vested interests will soon diminish our prospects of the best results.

Councillor Norman Tiptaft, for Birmingham, desiderates a strong Minister and an efficient Ministry to pass on schemes. Mr. Cozens, of Bristol, wants to plan "according to our heart's desire" with speed. Mrs. Crichton says that York is actually acquiring property to provide sites for "wholesome buildings," and preserving historic amenities. Portsmouth, Sir Denis Daley writes, will need additional land for 60,000 people; Councillor Grindlay is able to produce plans for Coventry already, with zoning for factory areas and social and communal life. Exeter has been deterred for a dozen years from remedying its traffic congestion by the prohibitive cost of buying up properties for clearance; "Now," writes Mr. Glave Saunders, "Hitler's bombs and incendiaries have demolished the whole of the properties involved and cleared the ground." Common ground is that Government money help will be needed; that a multiplicity of private interests will oppose planning and slow down progress; and that planning is essential. That last in itself represents a revolution in the municipal mind. Behind the mayors are massed the architects and engineers and lovers of beauty and social reformers who have created the movement for healthy, efficient, cities which will be good to look at and good to live in. And behind them loom the shades of men who knew what towns should be and had the courage to design them; the Woods and the Adams, Playfair and Nash. The art of city building was ours once, and was lost in the hideous chaos of the nineteenth century; lost in part because towns were built piecemeal, house by house, as the centre of London is. The great landowners furnished space for the work of the eighteenth century men; the greatest landowner, and that is the State, must offer room and material for those of the twentieth.

TO-MORROW'S KEY TO POWER

THE Lords have more leisure than the Commons to talk about the future which our bombers and the Red Army are preparing. Their debate on Tuesday was interesting, because it offered a cross-section of opinions which have not yet crystallised into a national policy. Lord Addison stressed the need for agreement with the United States and Russia, and politely ignored the possibility that their views may be difficult to reconcile. The voice of a remote past came from Lord Crewe, who still believes that Free Trade, or as much as we can get of it, will save the world. The Earl of Perth would restore something like the old League. Lord Cecil made a noble appeal against a peace of revenge. Lord Elibank, the repentant appeaser, looks forward to a military occupation as a means of "re-education." Occupation there must no doubt be, but the bayonet seems to us a questionable tool for education. Lord Elibank would solve the German problem by cutting off Prussia from the rest of the Reich. But whatever else the Nazi movement was, it never was primarily Prussian. It sprang into life in Munich, and from Hitler downwards it so happens that not one man among its leaders was a Prussian. It is often forgotten that while Prussia had its Junkers and its "chimney-stalk barons," the mass of its industrial population was stubbornly opposed to this ruling caste, and that Prussia throughout the Weimar period, so long as free voting prevailed, was steadily under ministries of the Left. Lord Cranborne, when he came to speak for the Government, gave no clue to its intentions and left the Germans to guess, with some assistance from Dr. Goebbels, whether the policy of the United Nations, when victory falls to them, will be that of Lord Addison and Lord Cecil, or will be dictated by the Elibank-Vansittart school. Till that is cleared up, we are rejecting the aid of politics to shorten the war. One thing, however, of the first importance he did say. While he swept aside any discussion of war aims, he told the House that the planning of supplies and shipping for the relief of the stricken peoples of Europe is engaging the Government's attention already.

Everyone will approve of that, if only for humanitarian reasons. But how many of us realise that those who control the food and raw materials of Europe will dictate its political future? The distribution of food supplies, and still more the allocation of raw materials, cannot be regarded merely as a charitable undertaking. On the vast scale which we may have to contemplate over great regions of the Continent, the only agencies through which it can be carried on will be the governments of the people concerned. In some countries, like Norway, which have a stable social structure and a firm democratic tradition, that presents no problem. But with whom shall we deal in France? And without raising the thorny question of Germany, to what kind of provisional organisation in Italy or Austria shall we consign our wheat and coal, our cotton and oil? It is obvious that in some of the occupied and all the enemy countries, the first question that confronts the United Nations will be acutely political. The technical problems of transport will doubtless be handled by competent experts. But in whose hands will the political decision lie?

Some readers may sweep this question aside as unimportant: one day, sooner or later, free elections will be held in Italy, Austria and France, which will decide whether their future evolution shall be on democratic, Socialist or Clerical-Fascist lines. That answer lacks realism. The provisional administration during the intervening months can manipulate the balance so effectually, that the future will be determined long before the masses can go to the polls. If London and Washington, acting together, chose to recognise a regime of the Vichy type in France, a Fascist group which happened to be hostile to Mussolini in Italy or a government of the great landed magnates in Hungary, as the power to which all must look for work and food, it is highly improbable that any popular government could emerge from the subsequent elections over which it would preside. The conduct of elections in all these countries is a fine art. Real power will lie with the favoured faction which dispenses our stocks.

Once before, in the bitter months that followed the Armistice in 1918, Central Europe went through this experience. No one would now defend the stupid cruelty that prolonged the blockade against the German Republic for seven months and kept its people unemployed and barely half-fed. But it is not generally realised that the pressure of want was consciously used in Berlin, Vienna and Budapest to stave off any genuine social transformation. The result was that the keys of economic power remained in the old hands even when, as in Vienna and Berlin, democratic republics came into being. It was well understood that any step towards the Left bolder than London and Washington could tolerate would mean the instant stoppage of supplies, when once they did begin to flow. To this policy much of our present miseries can be traced. If Thyssen had been deposed by the Weimar Republic and the Ruhr coalfield nationalised there would have been no Hitler.

What guarantee have we that this will not happen again and on a much vaster scale? We listen hopefully to Vice-President Wallace, who presides over America's economic planning. But the problem of recognising some provisional regime in the countries with which we are chiefly concerned will lie not with him, but with the State Department, and its sympathies have always gone without concealment to governments of the Vichy or Franco type. To this problem those who hope with Mr. Wallace that the coming century will be that of "the common man" must address themselves before it is too late—here, in America and in Moscow.

THE LABOUR CONFERENCE AND AFTER

IT was, I think, the universal impression that the Labour Party gave a definitely Left turn to its deliberations. No other interpretation will fit either the character of its resolutions or the tone of the speeches which satisfied the delegates. It emphasised the need to begin reconstruction now as part of the war effort itself. It asked that negotiations with India be reopened now. It demanded a comprehensive measure of educational reform now. It sought now an ample extension and deepening of our system of social security. The delegates were clearly of the opinion that vested interests have still far too great a hold on policy; and they not less clearly felt that unless their hold on the national life was loosened now the maintenance of social peace after the war would be in grave jeopardy.

The Conference had no doubt of the paramount necessity of victory; only a single delegate asked for a negotiated peace, and he received no support. It is, further, clear that the party is not anxious to disturb the national unity if that can be avoided. But no one could have listened to the debates on coal and on the electoral truce without seeing that the present policy of the Government arouses both scepticism and dissatisfaction. On the first, it was obvious that the delegates regarded a rationing system together with the requisitioning of the industry for the war period as minimum measures; without these there will be at once a first-class political crisis. On the second, the minute majority obtained, despite its brilliant defence by Mr. Morrison, for the Executive plan of extended collaboration with the Conservative Party as an answer to the growth of independent candidatures, shows that the mood of the party is against any further relations with Toryism. That was not, as Mr. Morrison sought to show, the result of an "inferiority complex" in the Labour Party. It was the conviction that, on the one hand, Mr. Churchill is seeking to stereotype the existing social order in the interest of privilege, and, on the other, that the Labour members of the Government do not press hard enough for changes which, as the by-elections show, a majority of the public is prepared to approve.

What is the next stage in the discussion? If the Conference means anything, it means that the Churchill-Attlee policy of not raising controversial questions in wartime cannot any longer be maintained. The delegates gave a clear lead to their executive to set about the building of a new social order now. They did so in the conviction not merely that this is vital to the post-war period, but, not less, that it is vital to the quality of the war effort itself. If Mr. Churchill cannot see this changed mood in the nation, he is, despite all his great services to the nation, no longer capable of so reading its mind as to be fit for its leadership. If the present House of Commons is not willing to permit him to embark on great social experiments, then however difficult it may be in wartime, it is healthier and more democratic to let the nation choose a new House of Commons. Those Labour leaders who co-operate with Mr. Churchill to maintain the present policy will destroy the unity of their party—with tragic results for the post-war period—and make it certain that, as at Llandaff and Barry, if Socialist candidates cannot be run with the approval of Transport House, they will be increasingly run without it.

The election truce is wholly intelligible where it involves, as with Mr. Oliver Lyttelton or Sir James Grigg, the return to the House of Commons of a Minister of the Crown; it has ceased to be intelligible in any other circumstances. For its present operation is not merely to prevent the nation, in an organised way, from indicating the direction of policy it desires; it puts the choice of members in part at the disposal of accident, and in part at the disposal of the party machines which elbow the nation out of the choice it wishes to make. Everything that can be said against the return of Independents is in large degree true;

but if we are to have a House of Commons which refuses, in the measures it is prepared to contemplate, to pay any attention to the dynamic of the war, the multiplication of independent members is inevitable. If Parliament will not allow the Government to pay any attention to public opinion then public opinion must find its own ways of forcing its views upon the Government.

Nor is anything gained by urging, as Mr. Morrison urged upon the conference, the need to remember that we are at war. That is a reminder more fitly addressed to the Prime Minister and the Conservative Party than to the Labour Movement. For, as things are now, any change in the dynamic of economic power has the effect of strengthening, and not of weakening, the predominant characteristics of the present system. The concentration of industry will, in the absence of basic experiment, make the power of monopoly-capitalism greater, and not less, than it was in 1939; and there is not a concession made to the trade unions since the war began which could not be withdrawn—must not, granted the present conformation of industry, be withdrawn—in the first post-war slump. The electoral truce is a method of enabling the vested interests to hold on to what they have by depriving the electorate of the right to say what they want. Once the compulsion to unity is withdrawn which the war imposes, it is a clear highroad to disaster.

Those in the Labour Party who fear to abandon the electoral truce ought to remember two things. It is Mr. Churchill whom the nation wishes to be its leader; it is not the Tory Party. And there are few Labour candidates to-day who are not at least as likely to welcome Mr. Churchill in that place as those who supported the Tory machine in keeping him out of office while it preached and practised appeasement, and only accept him now as their leader in part because it has no other national asset, and in part because, so long as he uses his prestige to prevent controversial questions being raised, it knows that privilege is safe.

The other thing that timid Labour men should remember is the degree to which Parliamentary institutions become discredited when there is a growing disparity between what the nation requires and what the House of Commons is prepared to accept. This is an old Parliament the mandate of which is almost fantastically remote from the issues we are now discussing. The only excuses for its retention would be either that a blitz made its renovation impossible, or that it had kept in touch with the mind of the nation. Neither excuse has a shadow of truth; and Labour leaders do sorry service to democracy by maintaining a formal façade of unity which will only add immensely later to the difficulties of adjustment.

There is another reason why the maintenance of the electoral truce is a blunder of the first magnitude. The business of a political system is to educate its citizens in the meaning of the party relationships they are invited to embrace. Something like a quarter of the present electorate has had no experience of those relationships. They are at the mercy of candidates who have no real responsibility and no roots in the historic party traditions. We are failing in the essential task of civic education by the abrogation of its most vital instrument; and it may well be that, when we have most need of it, we shall find that it has grown rusty by lack of use.

All parties are agreed on the paramount necessity of victory; the Labour Conference made it clear that a wide abyss exists between its views of what victory is for, and the methods by which it can be won, and those of the Tory party. At present, the electoral truce enables Mr. Churchill, with the support, in the circumstances natural enough, of vested interests, to refuse any serious consideration to Labour views, and those Socialists who support him are deceived by the conviction that it is only "party" questions that are being postponed. The real result is the very different one of giving added strength to giant capitalism and of preventing the nation from expressing an opinion upon that change. Under the pretence of avoiding "controversial" questions, Mr. Churchill is, in fact, being allowed to determine the economic destiny of this country after victory; for economic forms create political structures independently of the wills of men. Those Labour leaders who support his policy are unconscious collaborators in an effort the results of which may well make impossible, at least by consent, the very principles to which this Conference has committed them. They may assist in the achievement of a military victory only to find that its economic basis has made impossible the very ends for which it has been fought.

One last word is necessary. To those who say that, without the electoral truce, the Churchill government could not continue on its present basis, my own answer is that, if we are to win this war on Tory principles, it is much better that it should be won by a Tory government. The Labour Party supported the war as an Opposition while Mr. Chamberlain was Prime Minister; I know of little, if anything, it has obtained from its partnership with Mr. Churchill that it could not have obtained had it remained in opposition. If Mr. Churchill is adamant against the social policy which the Labour Party Conference has declared to be urgent for winning the war, as well as the peace, it is, on a long view, at once more honest and more healthy to act as an Opposition. For that makes the source of political authority what the source ought to be—the nation itself. The present method substitutes for that source the manœuvres of the political machines. I cannot imagine any method of decision more likely to be destructive of that democratic way of life we are fighting this war to preserve.

HAROLD J. LASKI

HEATED PEOPLE

THE ordinary consumer's voice has hardly been heard. The famous fuel debate of May 7 was primarily a conflict of interests, variously voiced by representatives of heavy industries, of electricity, and of the coalowners and miners. Indeed, Ben Frankel, M.P. for a constituency which suffered specially in last winter's East End coal shortage, opened his speech by apologising: "I do not claim to be a specialist on the subject, but I represent, as we all do, certain interests."

As usual, sweeping statements were made about public opinion. Characteristic was the press statement from the Chairman of the 1922 Committee:

> The nation neither needs nor desires a points rationing scheme, nor the imposition upon the taxpayer of new hordes of officials.

The *Daily Express*, while calling for an immediate second front, urged (May 7) that "all strong, young miners now in the Forces should go back to the pits"—a couple of divisions. The *Standard* anticipated (May 12) "a million anomalies will arise" in any compulsory scheme. The *New Statesman* (May 2), while arguing that the effective opposition came from the 1922 Committee and that the small man was in favour of rationing, went on to declare there was "much anger and suspicion . . . because millions of small fuel users do not believe that their special needs are being properly considered." There were millions of words of published criticism.

What did the householder, whose domestic fuel consumption has been rising despite various voluntary appeals, really think about all this? Mass-observation has made special efforts to trace out fuel reactions day by day, both through our wholetime investigators and by reports received from voluntary observers all over the country, including many from mining areas and a number of miners. The initial reaction to the idea of fuel rationing was heavily favourable. When it was first mooted, about seven persons in ten were favourable to the idea, one in ten against, the rest undecided. In regard to coal especially, people readily accepted, and even enthused about, the suggestion of rationing. Most people tend to favour any scheme for equal distribution of any essential commodity. Clothes rationing was strongly approved, even though there was at that time no clothes shortage. The initiation of points rationing for tinned foods was welcomed, and most women would like to see the points method extended. A recent study of reactions to sweet rationing showed only 3 per cent. unfavourable to this development. Most favour a coupon scheme for restaurant meals. In general, extensions of rationing and price control are warmly welcomed, especially by working-class women; the anxieties and strains of shopping and housekeeping are thereby reduced, and the additional ration-routine irritation is negligible in comparison.

The same applies, in lesser degree, to fuel rationing. Though in the big cities and among poorer people there was some real hardship last winter through coal shortage, difficulty about fuel has not yet been a common experience. Nevertheless, the initial reaction was to accept the necessity for rationing any commodity in advance of personal difficulty. Even from past experience alone, it seems clear that if it had been possible to put the scheme across without warning, it would have been accepted (for better or for worse) by the vast majority of consumers; there was no sign that the idea of reading meters or having a personal assessment aroused any spontaneous anxiety.

The Government scheme was launched into this atmosphere. From the public opinion point of view, the President of the Board of Trade probably made a mistake in announcing the scheme in the Commons before publishing the Beveridge report or explaining the background needs and intentions to the public. Where people have some information and facts to work on they are not liable to have their opinions easily changed. In the absence of facts, they can be swayed on minor matters.

So critics of the scheme enjoyed an advantage, and used it with effect. By the beginning of May only two persons in ten were really in favour of fuel rationing, most of the rest against—a complete reversal. Typical comment: "It's all a lot of bunkum"; "I don't think it's necessary"; "There's plenty of coal buried in Wales which hasn't been worked out yet—no need to ration it"; "I think it's a big mistake; the coal is there, in our own country, and we should be able to get the men"; "It seems odd to me to have so much coal in the country, and not to use it"; "It's stupid."

The dominant reaction now was to assume on the basis of published criticisms (somewhat misunderstood) that, after all, rationing wasn't necessary, often with the corollary that the situation could be simply solved by taking miners out of the Army to avoid consumer inconvenience. The wider urgency of the situation, and the need to curtail domestic consumption anyway, had been unwittingly obscured. The austerity outlook revealed in this survey is not wholly encouraging, when compared with the sacrifices of citizens in China or Russia or Czechoslovakia. Among those still in favour, the commonest attitude is expressed by this small householder:

> I don't think it will affect the small householder much, as I expect the amount to be fairly generous, and I am certainly not worrying about it.

Another woman:

> It'll be awful if we have another very cold winter. I was nearly frozen last year, and my chilblains, you'd never believe. They *couldn't* really cut us off the electricity, if we had too much, could they?

Among the well-off, two-thirds were now against any form of official rationing—and the quality of antagonism was sometimes violent. In the lower middle section, rather over half were positively antagonistic. At the unskilled working-class level only a quarter were antagonistic: typical remark:

> I don't mind. It will affect the upper classes more. We haven't got the place to stock in large supplies.

Nearly half of these poorer people did not think rationing would affect them personally, a point borne out in the Beveridge report ("An effective rationing system would give the poorest consumers at least as much as they have received this winter

and in many cases more.") Strong opposition came not from "small fuel users," but rather from those who felt they would be most affected. From this source mainly came the suggestion that a voluntary appeal would do the trick. In the present study, half the householders said they could not economise in any way, and though these were rather more numerous among poorer people, yet 48 per cent. of better-off people took this view. Many said they had already responded to fuel economy appeals; the voluntary saving margin certainly does not look like the necessary 12½ per cent.

Public good will, if clumsily led on one side and skilfully on the other, can be swayed away from its original attitude, but is always liable gradually to revert to its former position if any part of the change has been based on emotional excitement or confusion of fact.

Behind the immediate issue, we come back to the deeper one. The alternative scheme put up by Sir Arnold Gridley (recently director of the Southern Areas Electrical Corporation) and supported by the 1922 Committee, would give the wholesaler and distributor control of the consumer, with safeguards. This suggestion has not previously been made in order to avoid other forms, coupons or staffs of temporary civil servants. It could hardly have been made a year ago. It is one side of a growth in the psychology of self-defensive cohesion and group resistance. There is the tendency for Employer Federations and Trade Unions, for instance, to compromise for war-winning by safeguarding their mutual interests, as economic and psychological shareholders in the *status quo*. While disagreeing about the shape of the thing with which they are mutually concerned, both parties desire the thing itself to continue; they see the national mood threateningly moving in more radical directions, and under the circumstances are naturally driven more towards each other. One of the leading members of the Trades Union Congress told us the other day that never had relations between employers and union officials been so close or co-operative as to-day. Convenient as this may be, it easily leads to a situation where the broader objects and functions of industries are overlooked. The setting up of a National Coal Board primarily representing the Mineowners' Association and the Miners' Federation, as has been widely canvassed, might be disadvantageous to the community in the long run unless the ordinary consumer is strongly represented. The A.E.U. and the Federation of Engineering Employers have recently agreed a formula for Production Committees which cracks down on the powerful spontaneous growth of factory representation in recent months. Now the only persons entitled to sit on such committees and represent the workers' side are "adult organised workers with not less than two years continuous service at the factory concerned"—this at once bars any conscript girl, for instance. Again, several trade unions, including the biggest (Transport and General Workers) opposed Family Allowances at the Labour Party Conference, on the basic ground that these would complicate or inhibit the negotiating of wage increases for members. In the newly published policy report of the Federation of British Industries, it is suggested that post-war reconstruction can best be done through and from the point of view of the Trade Associations.

These are simply a few manifestations of the producer point of view. The world battle of to-day is partly between the traditional sanctions of individual power-control and the alternative conception of the general citizen welfare, the common interest of all people, symbolic consumers—abroad and at home. Are we fighting for the community, for the greatest happiness of the greatest number? Or for groups of each other helping one another? In the answer lies the future of our politics. The internal conflict of this war, now beginning to emerge openly, is between the war-winning necessity to learn the lesson of wider co-operation in a more generally shared outlook and interest, while yet treasuring the effects of independence and individuality. Learning this lesson of total mobilisation strains the whole tradition of Britain, slowly forces a new dichotomy, where we may presently find, on the one hand, the F.B.I., the T.U.C., the male artisan, the small shopkeeper, the priest, the newspaper proprietor, on the other, the independent Tory, the radical, the parson, the intellectual, scientist and professional man, the soldier, the unorganised, and the non-voter—disagreeing in concept of priority rights on the fruits of earth and effort, and on the relative rewards of experience and tradition.

MASS-OBSERVATION

A LONDON DIARY

EARLY in this war the Labour Party declared itself as strongly as possible on the issue whether we are to make a distinction between the Nazis and the German people. To-day it seems to avoid this contentious question, with the result that it has nothing to say on the most hotly disputed of all the problems that will confront us at the Settlement. In a long *omnibus* resolution dealing with international affairs, which the Executive laid before last week's Conference, it declared itself strongly on many such questions, among them Palestine, but gave not the slightest clue to its approach to the German question. Again, while it very properly gathered a group of Socialist leaders from all the allied countries to address the Conference, it gave the exiles from the German and Austrian Social Democratic parties no chance to speak. The mass of the delegates would, I am sure, have welcomed them warmly. But far more important would have been the effect in Germany if the Labour Party had itself made a declaration of policy, and backed it by treating the exiles as equals and fellow-workers. It has missed a unique chance of making its contribution to the psychological strategy of this war. How much, I wonder, of the unflinching internationalism of the older Socialist movement now survives at the top? The party, I fear, is paralysed by the division between the Internationalists and the Vansittartites on the executive. They cancel each other out, and the result is this evasion of the chief problem of to-morrow.

* * *

I was present at a most interesting set-to between Professor Laski and Sir Richard Acland last Saturday. It took place at a conference of the Left Book Club, an organisation which seems now to be reviving after its decline as a result of the defection of the Communists at the beginning of the war. Laski was quite clear, as he is in the article published in this issue, that the temper of the Labour Party Conference had made the party truce impossible. He was indignant with those whose efforts tended to split the Labour Party and atomise politics. He wanted to know why, if Sir Richard Acland was preaching Socialism he did not come into the Labour Party. He made the strong point that capitalists large and small, who might be converted by Sir Richard's revivalist Socialism at a time when Capitalism seems likely to smash up, were likely to lose their sense of sin and revert to their old complacency when the war was over. He was sure that the organised working classes were the only power through which Socialism could be achieved. On this crucial point Sir Richard agreed, but he held strongly that there are a number of seats which can never be won by Labour and which he and other bodies such as the Nine-Point Group of the 1941 Committee might save from Fascism. There is a large section of the middle-class and in particular of technical workers who can be converted to Socialism, but who will never, he thought, join up with a predominantly Trade Unionist Party. There are dispossessed shopkeepers—the most dispossessed and uncompensated class in the country—who may be readily gathered in by crypto-Fascists if a hesitating and undynamic Labour Party is the only alternative to old-fashioned Conservatism. At the end Acland seemed to have reached the point of agreeing that it would be wrong to try to organise a party which would come into head-on collision with the Labour Party; he hoped for an alliance. A large field of discussion is opened up here. It may soon be necessary to decide very clearly whether there is again need for a "Popular Front."

* * *

Sir Stafford Cripps spoke to the Fabian Society on Friday, May 29: he had been promised a private meeting and no newspaper reports. The *Evening Standard*, apparently annoyed at the exclusion of the press, found a convenient guest at the meeting, who duly gave its Diarist "an impression" of the speech. In brief, Sir Stafford feared any split in national unity and thought a general election and any basic change in society during the war alike impossible. He looked forward after the war to a "Progressive National Government."

* * *

Commenting on the Burmese campaign, General Alexander is reported to have said that we should, of course, re-conquer Burma, because it was "part of the British Empire." I wish the General could hear the comments made on this by some of the Chinese whose compatriots came down to Burma to help our abortive defence. What possible excuse could there be for the re-conquest of Burma by the British Empire? If one reads the story of Britain's wars in Burma they are about the most aggressive and least justified in the nineteenth century; Hitler has only a little enlarged and improved on the technique. Indeed, I was amused to learn that in 1825 the British neatly anticipated Hitler's technique by a proclamation which began by saying that the King of Burma "by his unprovoked aggressions and extravagant pretensions having forced the British Government to invade his Dominions." As part of the strategy of the United Nations the Japanese must be defeated and the future of Burma must belong to the Burmese. The Chinese might claim some rights there, but we, as far as I can see, have none. One connects this statement of General Alexander's with Mr. Duff-Cooper's broadcast, which was surely the most comic piece of Blimpery outside a Low cartoon. Is it really impossible to get these people who belong to such a distant past to think in terms of a world in which coloured peoples can rule themselves and in which our role is not that of conquerors? I thought after we had been "run out" of Burma, to quote General Stilwell, even Duff-Cooper must have begun to understand that it might be better, as well as more in accordance with the facts of our day, to acknowledge the end of Empire and to inquire into the possibilities of friendship.

* * *

The impression was given by one speaker at the Labour Party Conference that Harold Laski had gone to a Railway Clerks' union to persuade them to vote to maintain the ban on the *Daily Worker*. I gather that this was not so. Laski answered a question (as he has done elsewhere in writing) by saying that he was personally in favour of raising the ban on the *Daily Worker* provided certain conditions were fulfilled. One of the conditions was that the *Daily Worker* should not avoid the penalties of libel by the legal device of ownership by "men of straw" and the other that it should promise not to proceed by attributing the worst motives to all its political opponents. I don't think much of these conditions myself; the second seems to me one of those intangibles which anyone would promise since it depends wholly on interpretation. The Communists are not the only people who "attribute motives." But I think it right to contradict the myth that Laski has been going round trying to persuade unions against raising the ban.

* * *

The British West Indian workmen who have been coming here to work in munitions are centred in Liverpool. They volunteered for this work, and as skilled workmen are scarce and relatively well paid in the Caribbean Islands, and they have to send remittances home to their families, they had nothing to gain in coming save the satisfaction of their devotion to the British

cause. They feel, indeed, a patriotism which puts many of us to shame. What should shame us far more deeply is the social colour-snobbery with which they are often treated. They live among working people, and meet it in its crude forms: "Coo! look at the nigger!" from children; a grab, and "It's lucky to touch a nigger!" from women; and to their astonishment they find that these people do not know where their own Empire is, nor who inhabits it. People who should know better are equally guilty; they are refused admittance to dance-halls, turned out of hotels, separated from white men in fire-watching parties. These men, skilled craftsmen, are leaders in their own lands. What will be the feeling about us that they carry home, when the war is over? They have a hostel in Liverpool, West Indies House, which houses about a quarter of them, with a sympathetic warden, Mr. A. T. C. Watkinson. But what they need is not official praise, nor occasional patronage by the grandees of the region. They need ordinary human friendship, as we all do, and that seeking out which must be done by the hosts of people who are strangers in a country for which they are working.

* * *

To-day I met an angry American journalist. He is one of the best correspondents in Britain; on him and his fellows our reputation in America to a very considerable degree depends. He was angry because of an incident in the building of one of our great newspapers. His offices are in the same building. He had been waiting some time for the lift. When it came a tall, well-groomed individual arrived and stepped into it. The attendant made two attempts to keep the American journalist out of it. The tall individual may have been the proprietor of a big newspaper or the owner of the building, for all my friend knew or cared. The notion that the attendant should have orders to reserve the lift solely for one important individual, while others who also need it should be kept out, is the sort of notion that could never occur to an American, and which when it is presented to him makes him furiously angry. It also makes him say sharp things about England's claims to be interested in democracy.

As a footnote to my remarks last week on the Court's verdict against *Miss Callaghan Comes to Grief*, I may mention the comment of a publisher. He is a partner in one of the largest publishing houses. He says that the circulation of Hadley Chase's books represents a greater supply of paper than his firm used on all their publications last year for a period of six months. CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to Mrs. B. Weller.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

I have often thought that if other nations could understand why the English sit for hours between the showers of an English summer day, watching a game called cricket, there might be a bit of peace in the world. For they would understand the English, and they would understand what sort of fighters we are.—Hilde Marchant in *Daily Mirror*.

Commander Campbell, of the B.B.C. Brains Trust, speaking in Birmingham yesterday of Nazi brutality, said: "There is one text we could delete for the time being from the Bible—'Love your enemies.'"—*Sunday Dispatch*.

Regarding Lady G. Scott's letter referring to a Cross and V sign in the sky on Saturday morning, on Friday evening, at 7.45 p.m., while digging for victory, I glanced at the sky and noticed the silver beautiful lining of the clouds, and a minute later a very large "P"—say for Peace—appeared in a break, followed two minutes later by a "V." I called the attention of adjoining colleagues to these signs and made sure you would have had several letters on this wishful and phenomenal sight.—Letter in *Liverpool Echo*.

British holders of debentures issued before the war by the Czech armaments concern, the Skoda Works, are still able to draw interest on their holdings. The works are in German hands and have been bombed by the R.A.F. a number of times.—*Daily Telegraph*.

The Chairman (Judge Burgis) asked if the applicant had ever contemplated marriage.

The witness also a full-time Jehovah's Witness, replied that she did not contemplate marriage before Armageddon.—*Lancashire Daily Post*.

Sir,—After being distinctly told that the date of birth required on the new registration card would be kept private, it is a disagreeable surprise to find three ladies who have been friends and acquaintances of mine for over 20 years installed here to deal with these cards.—Letter in *The Times*.

The heavy raids of 1940 disrupted big chess in London.—*Evening Standard*.

The armchair ornithophil stirs enviously as he reads of watching a skua standing on a kittiwake's back, murdering it slowly by eating its neck.—From a review in *The Observer*.

FOR THOSE ASHORE

[The author of this article, who is now a gamekeeper by profession, had long experience as a sailor in earlier days.]

COME with me on a trip to the docklands of this Mighty Sea-girt Nation who still sing lustily, "Britannia Rules the Waves." No need to look far to find some of the dives where men of the Mercantile Marine may rest their weary heads; close by the main gate we may see a big, grimy building with many broken panes of glass, dirty curtains; a grubby, cavernous door stands wide open, above, still visible, God knows how, a sign telling the world this hallowed building is a "Seamen's Hostel." A kind of office graces the inside of the portico; here sits a muse who dishes out bed tickets to and from the value of 2*s*., 1*s*., 6*d*. per bed per night.

You'll get no sympathy here—pay up and go up; to you, landsman, the 2*s*. beds may be a grim sight, the 1*s*. 6*d*. a sight grimmer; but wait, there's the bug pits marked 6*d*. to view yet, so spare your breath for that long dirty flight of stairs, and when you get there you'll need to hold it.

Here we are, right at the top, the masthead of grime and distress, and here, yes right here, people of Britannia, singing Englishmen, rest the heads of the men who have from time immemorial brought you frankincense and myrrh, food and raiment and all that you hold dear, that you may live in security and lasting comfort. Note carefully how the state of accommodation automatically grades; taking count from the 2*s*. stage one easily visualises the docking day pay off; a short period elapses and up we go where a shortage of cash forces the men to take shelter at the price of one Imperial shilling; the tide of finance is slacking off, and now to the peak position, the tide's right out, weary bodies will this night, if lucky, snatch a few hours' cold and restless sleep; you don't get a lot of sympathy with that humble coin the sixpenny-piece.

Yet here must come, or perchance a shake-down in some draughty cargo shed, the men without whom our country and possessions overseas would soon come to nought.

For many a year such conditions have held sway with increasing sordidness until a state of affairs for men of the M.M. has long since gone well beyond the bounds of common humanity. Such horrors as are to be found hiding under the name of "Seamen's Hostel," etc., around the docks of London, Liverpool, Cardiff, Glasgow, Swansea and a host of others are a filthy stain on the character of this country.

Not so long ago I had a view of one of the largest "Doss Houses" at a certain port after it had received a direct hit from a large bomb; among the tangled wreckage could be seen twisted and torn the age-old, rusty bedsteads and foul linen upon which, at the time of the shattering, roaring blast several of our gallant merchantmen were sleeping, or trying to. There stood out the remains of a carpetless, boot-worn, unscrubbed staircase, this place, like many of its sort, being bug-infested, damp, cold and uninviting to the very extreme. I saw, too, the remnants of blue jerseys, dungarees in various stages of wear, a couple of old, well-repaired reefer coats, one of them still bloodsoaked, in a corner where still stood a row of the filthiest lavatory pans, with no woodwork (it was obvious there hadn't been any either for years), a fairly new cap bearing the badge of "The Royal Mail."

I yarned with the Docks padre, and he, too, was in despair over such awful conditions; yet we both felt in a large measure that that tearing blast had at least done a good job in smashing up this miserable den; it, too, exposed to all the conditions of life ashore of our gallant men of the M.M., but it took a bomb from Germany to unfold the tale.

But war or no war, the time has arrived, long since overdue, for definite action to be taken by the Government and shipowners in general to lay out an immediate plan for better conditions ashore for both officers and men alike of our Merchant Service. The Royal Navy has the most excellent barrack system in the world, so why not their blood brother as well be so treated? The men themselves would gladly pay a nominal sum for such accommodation, so it wouldn't be all dead horses. A slop chest arrangement, too, could be included where the men would be able to purchase seagoing clothes at a price which would be the undoing of those advance-note sharks who charge double value, and often more, for the bare necessities of apparel; the profits of which, too, would help largely in the general upkeep of good semi-Government shore establishments for the benefit of the M.M.

Then again, one must keep in mind that none of these men have any form of pension to look forward to in later life except the old-age contribution; I feel sure that a simple system of perhaps, I say perhaps, adding a copper or two to the already existing unemployment card stamps, a scheme could be brought to pass whereby an assurance for old age and long and hard service would be the result.

But before any lengthy detailed pension schemes we, as a grateful nation, must and shall see to it that a form of decent accommodation ashore be worked out. Never again must those bug-infested and diseased hovels known as "Seamen's Hostels" be allowed to ply their trade.

Yet at the same time I should like to take this opportunity of giving praise, where praise is well due, to the splendid efforts of such societies as the Seamen's Missions, the Church of England hostels, the old and well-tried Y.M.C.A. who, under dire conditions, have worked hard and well at a nominal cost to the seaman to give him a degree of comfort and homeliness which he so richly deserves. Some of these "Homes" are really splendid, and it does show that it would be a matter of great ease and little expense for the Government to do likewise. That there would be a return is very patently obvious.

Bear in mind the fact that these men have so willingly, time after time, signed articles and put to sea and faced the dive bomber and submarine and surface raider, and lingering deaths in open and ill-equipped ships' lifeboats, that you and I might live. Let us know that those who return shall have somewhere other than bug-infested hovels wherein to enjoy a well-earned rest from the labours of the deep.

C. W. BALCHIN

THE CREDULOUS PHYSICIAN

By

ONE OF THEM.

Fillet of a fenny snake
In the cauldron boil and bake
Eye of newt, and toe of frog
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog
Adder's fork, and blind worm's sting
Lizzard's leg, and owlet's wing
For a charm or powerful trouble
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

(*Macbeth*).

A little more than three hundred years ago The Royal College of Physicians issued their first London Pharmacopoeia; published in Latin it contained many of the complicated and disgusting compounds which had formed the principal remedies used by those who practised medicine for more than two thousand years. Further editions appeared in 1632, 1639 and 1677, and even the edition of 1721 contained human excrement and the excrement of dogs, cats, geese, mice, etc. Other ingredients were such things as earthworms, crabs' eyes, pearls, blind puppies and the moss growing on a human skull to give but a few examples.

In 1675 Nich Culpeper, who described himself as "a student of Physic and Astrology." published an English translation of the London Pharmacopoeia, which he called the London Dispensatory. One or two extracts taken at random from this book will serve as examples of the complicated preparations then in general use, and the extraordinary ignorance or credulity displayed by physicians of his time. Here are the directions for preparing what was known as "Water and Spirit of Earthworms":

Aqua and Spiritus Lumbricorum

Take of earthworms well cleansed three pounds, snails with shells on their backs cleansed, two gallons, beat them in a mortar, and put them into a convenient vessel, adding stinging nettles, roots and all six handfulls, wild Angelica four handfulls; Brank ursine seven handfulls; Agrimony, Betony of each three handfulls, Rew one handfull, common wormwood two handfulls, Rosemary flowers six ounces, Dock Roots ten ounces, The Roots of Sorrel five ounces, Turmerick, the inner bark of Barberries, of each four ounces; Fenugreek seeds two ounces, Harts-horn, Ivory in gross powder, of each four ounces, Saffron three drams, small spirits of wine four gallons and a half; after twenty-four hours infusion, distil then in an Alembic; Let the four first pounds be reserved for Spirit, the fifth for Water.

Culpeper ingenuously remarks about this preparation; "'Tis a mess of altogether, it may be they intended it for an universal medicine." Culpeper was very fond of ridiculing the College of Physicians and making scathing remarks about many of their official preparations, and although he must be looked upon as one of the more enlightened medical men of his time, he often displays all the credulity and superstition with which the art of medicine was saturated three hundred years ago. For instance he saw nothing absurd about the following instructions for removing a tooth.

To draw a tooth without pain, fill an earthen crucible full of emmets, ants or pismires (call them by which name you will), eggs and all, and when you have burned them, keep the ashes, with which if you touch a tooth it will fall out.

Nor does he hestiate to recommend:

The head of a coal black cat being burnt to ashes in a new pot, and some of the ashes blown in the eye every day will help such as have a skin growing over their sight.

It was not until 1788 that the very complicated compounds contained in the older editions of the London Pharmacopoeia were omitted, the text of the new edition however was still in Latin, and English only came into use with the appearance of the British Pharmacopoeia in 1864. This English edition certainly helped to dispel much of the mist of secrecy and superstition which had obscured the art of medicine for thousands of years, and with the rapidly increasing knowledge of the action and use of drugs a growing scepticism was born for many which hitherto were thought to have special curative properties. The discovery of germs and the introductions of vaccines, antitoxins, serums and inoculations all helped to reduce the use of medicine still more, and it looked as if Aesculapius (the God of medicine) would have to take a back seat.

There is no doubt that many physicians lost all faith in the drugs their fathers and grandfathers had used, and many a prescription was written solely as a matter of custom and in order to placate the patient. Meanwhile the laboratory chemists had not been idle. After splitting up into their constituent parts various organic substances which nature had so carefully put together, they found they could put them together again more economically than they could be obtained from natural sources. They went a step farther, and started making substances that had never existed before. It is these new synthetic products that the physician is using to-day with much the same sort of credulous anticipation that he used "Spirits of Earthworms," and similar preparations three hundred years ago.

A very successful and popular remedy, which is being sold to the medical profession to-day under a variety of proprietary names, is a synthetic product which is stated by the manufacturers to have the following composition:

The Disodium salt of 4—sulphonamido-phenyl-azo-7—acetylamino-1—oxy naphthaline-3, 6 disulphonic acid in 5% solution.

How many general practitioners, or even physicians, can honestly say that such a formula conveys anything to them at all? Here is the formula of a local anaesthetic frequently used by dentists when extracting a tooth:

P-amino-benzoyl-diethyl-amino-ethanol-hydrochloride.

Is the dentist any less credulous for using such a preparation rather than "the ashes of emmets burnt in an earthenware crucible"?

Here is one further example of a synthetic drug, that is stated by the manufacturers to be a member of the group of sympathomimetic amines, whatever that may mean; it is certainly a tongue twister:

3 : 4—Dihydroxyphenylethylmethylamine.

We must conclude these few examples of the art of the modern alchemist with a brief reference to vitamins. A few years ago the general public (including most of the medical profession) were surprised to read in the papers one morning that their food was no longer the simple "fuel for the engine" they had always imagined it to be. They were told that most articles of food should contain certain additional substances which were not only necessary for the maintenance of health but which when absent gave rise to diseases called "deficiency diseases." These "accessory food substances" were given the name of vitamins and subdivided in groups A, B, C and D.

The earlier descriptions of vitamins were vague and indefinite, but their existence was proved by experiments on animals fed on a diet with and without the addition of vitamins, and the evidence in favour of their existence was so overwhelming that the medical profession accepted them at once. Research on vitamins continued. Very soon the chemist had isolated the vitamins from the foods that contained them, and having got so far the discovery of their chemical composition followed as a natural sequel. At this point the synthetic chemist got busy and proceeded to make vitamins in his laboratory, which in due course were handed over to the physician for trial.

The composition of two of the latest synthetic vitamins is given below:

Vitamin E (said to control or have an influence on abortion).
di-a-tocopherol acetate.
Vitamin K (said to control bleeding in jaundice and diseases of the intestines).
2-methyl-1 : 4-naphthaquinone.

Does the composition of either of these two new synthetic vitamins convey anything of value to the average general practitioner? If not, and if he accepts the claims made for them by the manufacturing chemist, can we say that he is less credulous than the physician of 300 years ago who prescribed sage or tansy to stay abortion and comfrey for internal bleeding? To say that the modern physician is credulous does not in any way disparage his medical knowledge and abiiity, it is quite impossible for any medical man, no matter how big his brain, to keep abreast of all the new discoveries in the many and varied branches of medicine, each of which demands the whole-time study and attention of a specialist. Many physicians are specialists themselves, but whatever branch of medicine they favour they are dependent for expert opinion from other specialists such as pathologists, bacteriologists, radiologisis, etc., and last but not least the synthetic chemist who is continually producing new methods of attacking disease.

The value or otherwise of any new drug can only be proved by a process of trial and error. If all the physicians were so incredulous that they refused to give any new medicine a fair trial, many invaluable cures might never see light.

Curiously enough there are definite indications that some of the discarded "cures" of 300 years and more ago, which were ridiculed but a few years past, may yet be proved not so absurd after all. A very interesting example of how the synthetic chemist is corroborating the curative value of some of these fantastic remedies is to be found in a new synthetic preparation called "Alantoin." Alantoin we are told is an oxidation product of nucleic acid, which occurs naturally in allurine and in the excretion of maggots. Alantoin has been found very useful in the treatment of chronic suppuration and ulceration. Both maggots and urine were used by the old-time credulous physicians in the cure of suppuration and ulceration. Is it not possible that in time to come that "the moss growing on a man's skull," "crabs' eyes," and even "blind puppies" may all be found to contain some obscure chemical substance beneficial in the treatment of disease?

The answer must rest with the chemists of to-morrow.

Bring out your dead
PAPER

THE MELODRAMA

Schönberg and Walton at the Aeolian Hall, May 29th.

The ninth of the Boosey and Hawkes Concerts consisted of Schönberg's *Pierrot Lunaire*, and the Sitwell-Walton *Façade* entertainment in its original form (1922) for a speaker and six players.

The question of melodrama—whether it can ever be a satisfactory art-form—is only now, with the improvement of radio technique, in process of resolution. It seems likely that the earliest operas employed something like the Schönbergian *Sprechstimme;* but the genre rapidly disappeared, to be revived in the nineteenth century in various forms—from stage drama "heightened" by descriptive music, to drawing-room recitations. Liszt wrote a number of melodramas for voice and piano, and one of Strauss's feeblest works is a piano commentary on *Enoch Arden*. The problem with all these early attempts in the genre was one of balance; in a theatre, or concert hall or room, if the words are loud enough to be clearly understood, the music must go for nothing; if, on the other hand, the music is kept resolutely in the foreground, the voice becomes a patter of more or less distracting sounds. Unassisted by science, the acoustic of a single performance cannot be made to vary at the behest of the score. The answer is, of course, that what cannot be done in the concert hall can be successfully carried out "on the air." All that is needed to make both music and voice equally intelligible in a constantly varying balance are microphones and the control panel of a broadcasting studio.

Most of us who heard Friday's superb performance of *Façade* must hope that it will be followed up by a broadcast performance in which Constant Lambert's astonishing vocal virtuosity will have its reward. For on Friday, in spite of the obvious wit and brilliance and fun of it all, and the pleasure given to the eye by John Piper's romantically beautiful curtain, it was impossible to distinguish more than a word or two here and there. Even so, it was surely obvious that here is something original and peculiar, and that, given the proper circumstances, the medium employed could produce an entirely new range of sensuous effects well worth exploring.

Façade is at once too amusing and too beautiful to "date" in the very least. The same can hardly be said of *Pierrot Lunaire*, which is never amusing and only beautiful (and that by a generous extension of the word) for an occasional fifteen seconds at a time. It was insane of Schönberg to have invented a technique which ensures that the voice part shall be both unintelligible and hideous. For not all the perfection of Mme. Hedli Anderson's really wonderful rendering, which realised the intention considerably more nearly than that of Maria Freund (otherwise the best performance I have heard), could make either musical or literal sense of Albert Giraud's idiotic verses. That Schönberg should ever have consented to devote attention to so third-rate a practitioner of ninetyish "decadence" is a serious criticism of his own taste, and gives colour to the assertion that, far from pointing to the future, such a work as this is the very lees of the cup of nineteenth-century romantic art. Look beyond the pretentiousness, the eccentricity of the setting, the arty solemnity, and there is the spectre of poor Schumann mopping and mowing with the last feeble gusts of his once splendid lyrical vitality. All this might not matter so much if—as in the case of *Salome* and Schönberg's own *Erwartung*—the work held a morbid excitement. But it doesn't: it is both colossally boring and extremely nerve-racking.

It is pleasant to be able to blow the English trumpet loudly, from time to time. Friday's concert gives the critic such an opportunity, since in *Façade* some of the best qualities in English art—high spirits, lightness, imaginative exuberance, nonsense, humour—were so well offset by the senseless misery, the sterile mockery of *Pierrot Lunaire*.

Erwin Stein conducted the Schönberg, William Walton his own work. It is rare in English concert performances to be made so acutely aware of absolutely thorough rehearsal.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Dutch and English Pictures at Agnew's

A delightful show of all pictures. In the great museums the presence of masterpieces is apt to make one pass too hurriedly over more modest works. But here one lingers rewardingly over paintings by a Kalff and a de Koninck. How thoughtful the composition, how delicate the paint! There are few painters alive with such sure sensibility. The pearl of the show is a seascape by an obscure Dutchman called van Anthonissen, almost literally a pearl, so limpid and cool is its sheen. The Borchem makes a beautiful harmony, the de Hooch is incredibly weak. Two splendid de Wints are the most striking of the English pictures: there are good works by Dobson and Chrome; a pretty, absurd Turner that tries to be a Watteau and manages only to be a Stothard; and a very curious Venetian scene by Holland.

"Aid to Russia" Exhibition, 2, Willow Road, Hampstead

In brilliantly lit rooms, looking on to green trees and the Heath, a lively collection of painting and sculpture is on view, week-days 3 to 9, Sundays 11 to 6, entrance one shilling towards the Aid for Russia Fund of the National Council of Labour. A resplendent late Picasso, a little-known Douanier Rousseau and four exquisite Klees are to be seen, as well as good examples of 27 other artists, including Leger, Masson, Miro, Ben Nicholson, John Piper, Graham Sutherland, Julian Trevelyan, John Banting, Frances Hodgkins, John Tunnard, Paul Nash, John Craxton, Henry Moore, Barbara Hepworth, Augustus John and Max Ernst. Some of the exhibits are on loan, but most have been given by the artists for sale to benefit the fund. The show was opened by Mme. Maisky, and it is highly stimulating to see adventurous contemporary works in such a congenial setting.

Miller's

At this now almost famous gallery in Lewes High Street is showing the Duveen collection. Let no one expect more or less old masters in an alarmingly high state of preservation. This collection was not made by the late peer. It represents fairly well the *Ecole de Paris* between two wars; and is enriched with a few works by modern English painters. These are not seen at their best; though the little head by Dunlop is better than anything he has shown for years, and Mr. Lamb's constitutional weakness is less telling in a frivolous than in a solemn piece. Sickert is unworthily represented, and Duncan Grant has done better, though his *Peonies* is a very good picture. As usual Bonnard is the ace of the exhibition; and the little Vuillard is a delicious painting. Soutine's blue picture, *La Cuisinière*, is remarkable; so is the early Utrillo. There is a good head by Modigliani; and works by Derain, Segonzac, Friesz, and Marquet, and a drawing by Picasso. The collection as a whole is of a surprisingly low tone, which doubtless reflects the discreet taste of the collector.

THE MOVIES

"Saboteur," at the Leicester Square
"This Gun for Hire," at the Plaza

Sabotage is only the excuse for these two very good thrillers. True, *Saboteur* begins with some exciting scenes of a fire in an aeroplane factory, and among later incidents there is a ship almost blown up as it leaves the runway; once or twice the characters pause breathlessly to pay their tribute to democracy; otherwise the adventures belong to the pre-war Hitchcock world of chase and suspense. For those who complain that action went out of films with the disappearance of the serial, here is escape in car and on horseback, and the hero even eludes pursuers who appear suddenly at each end of a bridge by taking a long, old-fashioned dive into the river. Not all the turns in *Saboteur* are new, but the pace is kept up. The phoney thrill leads up to a real thrill. And when the Hitchcock situation comes it is irreproachable. He can hold suspense longer than anyone, can take it to pieces and let the pieces drop one by one before our fascinated gaze. *Saboteur* ends incredibly on the top of the statue of Liberty; the hunted man clings over space with slipping fingers; his sleeve is caught and held by a pursuer; then the coat seam begins to gape, very slowly tears apart, and the victim is seen floating away below. Every second in this final thrill is prolonged, but the real Hitchcock touch lies in the paradox. It's absurd, but it grips; it's melodramatic, but the whole incredible event has been witnessed by a huddle of tourists who gape as we do. *Saboteur* just falls below the master's best. It has a charming pair of lovers, Robert Cummings and Priscilla Lane, and I should like to have seen more of Frank Lloyd, whose sinister brilliance adds much to a sticky end.

This Gun for Hire ranks with *Saboteur* as a shocker, and is exciting in other ways too. The character of the professional murderer, a man who "never smiles," is established in the first few minutes. He is preparing to pay a call, packs a gun in his briefcase, and opens the window to give a saucer of milk to the cat. He kills, without fuss: there have been murders before and others will follow. The routine and squalor, the bursts of action, the hauteur, the inner necessity of such a life are impressed by a photography that matches the prose of Graham Green's novel from which the film is taken. Robert Preston, with something of Gary Cooper's looks and Humphrey Bogart's inflexibility, makes the most of this part with a hard centre. His soft counterpart and employer in murder is a fat, queasy, cooing giant, with a weakness for peppermints and blondes (Laird Cregar). The two together strike a sardonic chord that has been missing lately from films. In addition there is Veronica Lake, improving on previous performance by showing both eyes instead of one; and there is the plot, a more taut affair than Hitchcock's, which leads eventually to the inner sanctum of a millionaire selling poison gases to the Japs. *This Gun for Hire* keeps a balance of action and psychological thrills to the end. Why wasn't this brilliant movie novel filmed long ago? Better late than never; and perhaps the director, Frank Tuttle, will go on to discover Simenon, the most cinematic of all writers.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

DEAD AND ALIVE

"All will recognise the impossibility of allowing a so-called independent party to arise without any opposition, while established political parties in prosecuting the war to a successful conclusion, have found it necessary to enter into an electoral truce."
—*Labour Party National Executive, May 13.*

WHILE Parliament, immune from party strife,
Extends its statutory lease of life
And flourishes long past its legal term,
M.P.s from day to day grow more infirm
And in due course are summoned from on high,
Passing through lobbies to eternity.
But at the loss of each familiar face
(To heaven transferred or to another place,
Twin bournes from which no member may return)
The House expresses serious concern;
Fresh by-elections helpless to avoid,
Whereby its harmony must be destroyed,
It fears the heat and passion of debate
Forced by a turbulent electorate,
Chaos without, confusion rife within,
The nemesis of party discipline.
Itself indissoluble, but not secure
From piecemeal dissolution premature;
It seeks some means (the way comes with the will)
By which late members may be seated still.
If such (embalmed) on the back benches sit,
Who were the wiser, or the worse for it?
(In this emergency, the House of Lords
A wealth of fruitful precedent affords)
Both parties must preserve their personnel,
And whether dead or living who can tell?
And why themselves of seasoned props deprive
Because they are not formally alive?
Both sides can thus agree to close the ranks
With their full complement of party blanks
And so perpetually arrest decay,
All members there, though some have passed away.
The pact that stifled opposition's breath
May yet extend to make a truce with death,
And when the truce to victory has led
The House of Commons will give up its dead.

SAGITTARIUS

Correspondence

LABOUR CONFERENCE

SIR,—For me, the most striking impression of the Labour Party Conference was one of revitalisation. As a Labour M.P. remarked to his neighbour during the Communist affiliation debate—"last year it was like attending a funeral, but now I believe the corpse is sitting up and taking notice." Nor was this re-birth confined only to the floor of the hall, where one would most have expected it. From what one hears of rumblings from behind the scenes, there are signs of a re-awakening in unexpected quarters in the Executive.

For my generation—those born during the last war—the Labour Party has been a source of constant frustration and bitterness ever since we became politically conscious. The majority of intelligent young people incline naturally towards Socialism, and as naturally towards the Labour Party. Instead of welcoming and fostering this supply of enthusiastic, reasonably well-informed, intelligent recruits, the Labour Party for the last few years has virtually closed its doors to them. The Labour League of Youth was stifled, the Popular Front Movement was unimaginatively trampled on, there seemed no hope of becoming a Parliamentary candidate until one was over 50, and had developed the requisite inflexibility of mind and heart. We wanted to offer to the Party a vigorous crusading spirit but they tried to turn us into a Non-conformist Sunday School. In consequence, most of us became Communists or "fellow-travellers" for a while, and then, after the German-Soviet Pact, nursed our lost illusions in political solitude.

But since this year's Labour Party Conference, I believe the situation may be different. The *Daily Worker* and by-elections decisions show that the Executive can no longer rely on the steamroller vote of the big trade unions; this is a fact of fundamental importance both for the prosecution of the war and for world reconstruction after the war. There are unmistakeable signs that the paralysing influence of Transport House officials in the national and international sections is waning. This may be over-optimistic, but, if I am right, we may be at the beginning of a new and better epoch, for who can doubt that the future of the world will, in great or small degree, depend on the spirit and on the power of the British Labour Party?

SOCIALIST

CHOKING THE CAT WITH BUTTER

SIR,—Would it be possible for concerted public opinion to raise to a more intelligent level some of the meetings held to dispense information about the Soviet Union? I attended one of these last Friday, got up by "Russia To-day"; it had been advertised as answering questions from the audience. It turned out that no *viva voce* questions were allowed; they all had to be sent up in writing. The platform sorted them, and selected those suitable for reply. At the end, someone asked why his question had not been answered. The chairman replied that questions insolent and insulting to the Soviet Union—he implied that these all came from Trotzkyites—had not, of course, been dealt with. This no doubt excluded very many questions. I had sent up one myself, at the beginning, about the position under the Soviet penal code of traitors of twelve years old, a subject on which I really wanted information (I may add that I am not a Trotzkyite, so far as I grasp the doctrines of this heresy). I presume that my question was found insolent, insulting, and inconvenient to answer. In general, the attitude of the platform compared very unfavourably with that of a religious platform dealing with enquiries about God.

This uncritical and pathological Soviet-worship is doing much harm to the Russian cause here. I believe no other country has ever been treated as if it were an Immaculate Conception. If it goes on, people in general, much as they admire our great and admirable ally, will weary of her name. Already one notes the Aristides-reaction among ordinary people. If the *Daily Worker* starts again, it will, of course, carry on the good work. Can nothing be done to persuade our impassioned and indefatigable Communists that they are on the way to defeat their own ends?

ROSE MACAULAY

FUTURE OF EDUCATION

SIR.—1. Labour peers should take a strict Labour view on questions of education. I submit that peers should be above party, being no longer creatures of a caucus or at the mercy of voters, and having in a sense the whole nation as constituency.

2. The Public Schools have set up a powerful defence organisation, the G.B.A., which lobbies hard. The wicked animals, that, when attacked, defend themselves! Having helped to set up the G.B.A., I am pleased that Mr. Rowse should already be afraid of it. Lobbying is not its line. Its affair is with the public and with parents. But parents bulk infinitesimally in Mr. Rowse's articles.

3. "It is, if the Labour party knew its duty, a very improper thing for a Conservative to be President of the Board of Education at all." This is illuminating. If Mr. Rowse can capture the schools, the revolution will be his. This is exactly the method of Nazi Germany. How sure is the instinct of some of our quasi-totalitarians, and how incautious their propaganda!

4. Very few believe "that boarding-schools could enlarge the part they play in the community." (Lord Hankey in saying this "let the cat out of the bag," according to Mr. Rowse.) A plot, perhaps, for Mr. Rowse, but a truism for parents. They know that most children gain by a spell of residential education. But suppose this opinion rare. Is it therefore false? And is a majority opinion on such a family matter as schooling to become the instrument of intolerance and tyranny? Mr. Rowse suggests that democracy consists roundly in swamping the minority. It really consists in toleration and liberty. Most parents want more boarding facilities for school-children, and want them cheap and convenient, and a more extensive residential system in the Universities. But they won't get these things, if Mr. Rowse can prevent it. He will allow only a few Public Schools to survive, the very best—I wonder which these would be—and he would forbid, I gather, an enterprising L.E.A. to set up a boarding-school. This is not a policy but a phobia. The L.E.A.s may yet astonish Mr. Rowse. Freedom, with consequent variety, is of the essence of Public Schools, and the existing variety is very great. Mr. Rowse, who thinks Public Schools stamp all the boys with one pattern, would appear to want these schools to be themselves all of one pattern. It is curious that the output of all this alleged deadening uniformity in Public Schools, the men whom Mr. Rowse accuses of monopolising detrimentally the leadership in England and the Empire, is, in fact, a mass of highly individualised persons, courageous, resourceful, and formidable. Mr. Rowse might with profit take note of foreign opinion about this output.

5. It is undesirable to draw off the best pupils from the secondary schools into the Public Schools. I ask, Are children for schools, or schools for children? Having bred children, parents are surely entitled to educate them as they themselves choose. I submit that Mr. Rowse is tottering on the brink of totalitarian tyranny. The Public Schools, moreover, could not accommodate all the best boys of the secondary schools even if all others were excluded. The disaster that affrights him can never happen.

6. The great fault of the Public Schools is to sacrifice intelligence to character. If England had educated for character and against intelligence, she would deserve Mr. Rowse's diatribes, and her failures. But has she? And staking all on supposed education for intelligence, Japan and Germany are justified, Mr. Rowse suggests, by their successes. I submit that Japan and Germany have educated precisely for character, but the wrong character, by sheer perversion of morale.

7. The Christian sects are conspiring to smooth

Virginia Woolf

E. M. Forster's beautiful and most restrained appreciation of Virginia Woolf (1s. 6d.) delighted us so very much that we decided not only to select it as our fortnightly recommendation, but to make it the centre piece of a special show of her work.

We should take the utmost delight in selling a copy of this essay to every *New Statesman* reader.

R.S.V.P.

The Westminster Bookshop
14, Great Smith St., S.W.1

Amusing—but with just the right touch of sentiment

Mrs Appleyard's Year
L. ANDREWS KENT
Like Mrs Miniver, Mrs Appleyard has ideas on a number of things. 7/6 *net*

Masters of Political Thought
VOL. I
PLATO TO MACHIAVELLI
MICHAEL B. FOSTER
M.A. (OXON)
"Far from being a mere text-book . . . The study of these authors, so obsolete, and still so alive, sharpens the mind for observation of what may already be obsolete, and dangerously obsolete, in our current assumptions."
—TIMES LIT. SUP. 10/6 *net*

HARRAP

And the
FLOODS CAME
ARNOLD LUNN 15s. net
Wartime experiences in England, Ireland and America. A sequel to "Come What May," that "vivid, combative, unflaggingly good-humoured book." *Professor Joad*

MURDER Comes Back
H. ASHBROOK 7s. 6d. net
Author of "A Most Immoral Murder," "The Murder of Steven Kester," etc.

The Wrong MURDER
CRAIG RICE 7s. 6d. net
Author of "Eight Faces at Three."
"Sex, gangsters, blood and wise-cracks . . . as good as ever."
Time and Tide

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

Soviet Asia
ITS RECORD AND ITS PROBLEMS
E. STUART BATES

'a useful and valuable source of information to all those who want to understand the historical background, as well as the economic, social and . . . also political developments' TABLET

'one of the best and most helpful books on its subject available to the English reader . . . the well compiled and written results of Mr. Bates' unusual knowledge do a world of good' TIME AND TIDE [8s. 6d. net]

JONATHAN CAPE

out their differences and confront the State unitedly with a religious scheme for the Schools. This "plot" against the Board of Education is to be met by Mr. Rowse and his friends holding up its drooping hands, because the "State is the proper guardian of the rights of the children as citizens to be." More totalitarianism! I submit that the views of the Board of Education are unimportant. With Mr. Rowse it is the State against the parents, a minister and his officials against the citizens, whose the children are.

8. "The vital intellectual currents of our time have moved away from religious belief." Currents do move, of course, sometimes forwards, sometimes backwards, sometimes roundabout. Why ape them? The alternative to Christian education is paganism: and the palmary example of New Order secularised education is, of course, Germany.

9. "I am not concerned to consider changes in the organisation, curricula, etc. in the national system of Education." Having said this, Mr. Rowse plumps for vocational education. The bulk of the nation, those whose sole education is primary and post-primary, are to be fobbed off with the paring-down of education into something they would learn better "on the job" later on. A rude awakening, I think, awaits Mr. Rowse here. He proposes moreover to abolish all school Governing Bodies. He was all for the State, when it suited him. But now he is prepared to throw the schools into the bureaucratic lap of Education Committees and Directors of Education, these two tempered, I suppose, by the trade unions of teachers. It is wonderful how in Mr. Rowse's schemes politics and professionals and officialdom drive the parents farther and farther down vistas of impotence.

10. All teachers must be brought into one great union. This too is illuminating. First the great instrument of a unified profession, and then the use of it by Mr. Rowse and his friends, "to shape the new social order." This is totalitarianism with a vengeance. It is what the Nazis did, and do, with the teaching profession. It is in fact the cloven hoof.

University of Exeter. JOHN MURRAY

FIRST CLASS

SIR,—A country station on the Southern Railway. I was not an eye-witness of this unedifying scene, but I can vouch for its veracity:

A quiet, clean, decent countrywoman with two well-behaved evacuee children was unable to get into a third-class compartment because they were all packed. She therefore got into a first-class carriage, which contained one woman. This woman, of the lorgnette and monocled class that has "starved" us out of India, instantly leaned out of the window and called frantically, and in apparent fear, for the porter. He was old, but trotted up as fast as he could. Said the woman: "If these people have not first-class tickets I must ask you to remove them." The unhappy, spineless old man, reluctant, but obedient to the voice of *money*, apologetically took the three "untouchables" all along the train and bundled them into an overcrowded third-class. A workman on the station, who had seen and heard the incident, went to the window of the first-class carriage and said to its occupant: "I hope to God a bomb will blow your bloody brains out." MARGARET PENN

POINTS FROM LETTERS

[We select the following representative points from a large number of letters on Mr. Rowse's article.—ED. *N.S.&N.*]

Mr. Rowse blithely proceeds to throw out the baby with the bath water by asserting that the State schools offer a better system of education than the inferior (*sic*) public schools do. If he refers to the antiquated and inelastic method of class-teaching which is in vogue at most of the State schools, then it must be asked from whom the State schools copied this method. The answer is that they took it over in a mood of uncritical and misguided admiration, lock, stock and barrel, from the public schools. One observes in both the same appeal to fear as a motive, the same Nazified authoritarianism, masquerading as discipline, the same senseless distribution of rewards and punishments. Only the State worsened matters by refusing to spend enough money on teachers, who found—and find—themselves faced with classes of 40, 50, even 60 children. It is manifestly not possible to teach, far less to educate, every child in a class of this size. They did not take over their real (though often unconsciously exercised) educational method, which consisted in getting a lot of children of varying ages intelligence and interests to *live* together and to learn by living the rudiments of their particular code of government. This, to my mind, more important aspect of education begins where class teaching ceases; and if the public schools failed in its application, the State schools, by their very nature as day-schools, can hardly be said even to begin. There are, of course, progressive County authorities, and there are experiments like Mr. Morris's village colleges in Cambridgeshire which must make every educationist feel proud to see; but if our children really are to shape a new world, we shall have to go much, much farther than this.

What, in sum, does the progressive educationist demand from the State? That to all its children shall be made possible a new, a wider and more self-reliant way of living—a way which is being exemplified in the small co-educational communities that have sprung up in so many places since 1939—communities growing their own foodstuffs, rearing their own animals, doing their own cooking and domestic work, making their own furniture and equipment, children and grown-ups learning together, and working together. JOHN GUINNESS

I suppose a Socialist may be a Christian? The general feeling which is abroad is that our present troubles are largely due to the materialist secularism of which Mr. Rowse seems to be an exponent. We must find something which will appeal to our young people as Nazism appeals to the youth of Germany, and this is not the Bureaucratic State run by materialistic intellectuals. A vital religious belief is the only thing which will give to this country and to the world the vigour to face the difficult times which lie before us, and to find solutions to the problems which will face us. This can only be found if the children are at least given the opportunity of learning at school something of what Christianity means.

R. C. WYLIE

It is true that the excrescences of dogmatic theology in which orthodox Christianity has been encased need to be sloughed off before Christianity can make its full contribution either to education or to life. But many critics seem to be unaware of the extent to which this has already been done; and of the fact that the best thought within the Church is anxious to complete the process and liberate the truly "vital current" of religious faith for the building of the new world.

R. W. LITTLEWOOD

Mr. Rowse's point about the N.U.T. is pertinent, and more teachers of every kind are coming into it, but I do not agree with teachers coming into the Trades Union Congress. I have yet to meet a *teacher* who looked upon his work as a job, teaching so many children so much arithmetic or geography in so many hours, and demanding overtime for out-of-school-hours activities. There may be a few unfortunate individuals who have drifted into teaching unthinkingly, who look upon it in this way; but most teachers regard their work more as a doctor does his: each child is a "case," needing its own study and treatment. It would be a bad thing for this country if education became tied up with anything that hindered the teacher in this free and independent work, whether religion or set syllabuses or uniformity of any kind in schools.

L. A. CLARE

War on the Civil and Military Fronts

By Major-General G. M. LINDSAY

This book unites two streams of experience, the military experience of a professional soldier who has been a protagonist of machine-gun and armoured warfare and the civil experience derived from his present duties as a regional officer of civil defence. 5/- net

Virginia Woolf

By E. M. FORSTER

"I have gone from point to point as best I could, from her method of writing to her books, from her problems as a poet-novelist to her problems as a woman and as a lady. And I have tried to speak of her with the directness which she would wish, and which could alone honour her." 1/6 net

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

Now in its 10th thousand

LORD STRABOLGI

SINGAPORE AND AFTER

Daily Express: "A brilliant new book" *Daily Mail:* "Its interest, its value both immediate and historical, could hardly be greater" ***63 illustrations*** 9/6

By an eminent French writer

CHARLES de GAULLE

by PHILIPPE BARRES

Daily Sketch: "This story of how a nation, muzzled, bound, still fought and seeks its way to freedom in spite of German tyranny and propaganda, must be read" 9/6

HUTCHINSON

NOW READY

AN OUTLINE OF POLITICAL GEOGRAPHY

by

J. F. HORRABIN

(Author of the *Plebs Atlas*, *An Atlas of Current Affairs*, etc.)

Stiff Boards, 2/6. Post free, 2/9

Cloth, 4/6. Post free, 4/9

Other N.C.L.C. Outlines are:

OUTLINE OF PSYCHOLOGY
By H. Lyster Jameson

OUTLINE OF ECONOMICS
Edited by W. T. Colyer

OUTLINE OF FINANCE
By Arthur Woodburn, M.P.

OUTLINE OF MAN'S HISTORY
By Patrick Gordon Walker

All 2/6 or 2/9 post free.

Do you read "Plebs," Labour's Liveliest Monthly? 3d., post free 4d., or 4/- per year.

N.C.L.C. Publishing Society Ltd.
(Publishers for the National Council of Labour Colleges),
TILLICOULTRY, SCOTLAND.

Education for a New Society

by ERNEST GREEN

General Secretary of the Workers' Educational Association

Cr. 8vo.

5s. net

C. E. M. JOAD says:—

"Green's main concern is with education for citizenship in a privileged society which may be induced by education to distribute its privileges less unfairly. An indispensable book."

ROUTLEDGE

BOOKS IN GENERAL

It is impossible in our time to pass a fair judgment on Meredith. "He put a laurel on my head and then gave me a buffet in the stomach," Meredith complained when he read Henley's appreciation of his work. That is the common fate of minority writers; but of all Meredith's contemporaries Henley seems to put the case for and against the author of *The Egoist* most fairly. "Mr. Meredith," he wrote, "is a sun that has broken out into innumerable spots. . . . He writes with the pen of a great artist in one hand and the razor of a spiritual suicide in his right." I have had those spots in my eyes this week as I re-read *The Egoist* and picked up *One of Our Conquerors* for the first time. I wish I had always been sure that those spots were spots of the glorious sun. There are times, as we clamber from one Meredithian metaphor to the next, when we think of the work of the unstable master not as a disordered sunlight, but as the fevered vision of a huge, disordered, over-heated liver. He is like a diet of *foie gras*. Each single page has its new and lively flavour; the aggregate is indigestible. The son-in-law of Peacock the gourmet is Meredith the exultant gourmand, the pillager of the menu. And his novels don't *move*. When in *One of Our Conquerors* Meredith describes the English ruling classes as people who are dropping out of the European handicap because they have become soft, comfortable and narrow after a century of luxury and over-feeding, we feel that this gorging novelist is the natural historian of the twitchings of their majestic siesta.

I have often thought about a remark of Lord David Cecil's in *The Early Victorian Novelists*, to the effect that the Victorian masters write too often beyond their range. Their energy, of course, drove them to do so. It drove all Victorians to act and feel and think beyond their range. Energy is the subject of the nineteenth century, the problem that is never solved. And it was never solved because, in the end, the Victorians considered that energy was its own justification. That decision was made as early as the steam engine, as early as Stendhal. The disastrous discovery of German idealism confirmed it. Carlyle took from Germany a Gothic halo of heroism and put it on the head of our rosy, humdrum commercial cult of effort; and in copying Carlyle's style and going to school with Carlyle's German masters, Meredith carried the new heroism on to the end of the century.

It is bad when the Scotch are educated in Germany; when the Welsh are educated there and add their weakness for giants to the Teuton's intoxication with the hero, the result is grotesque. Happily this myth-making Meredith was only a minority cult in England. Our matter-of-factness, if not our sense of civilisation, withstood him; and we have even found something endearing in the picture of this handsome athlete palming himself off as a primitive man in the suburb of Box Hill, dreaming his suburban dream of high life, from white tie to "white samite, mystic, wonderful," and watching the sun rise over the Surrey pines to bathe the stockbrokers in raw gold. Back to the primitive; even back—or is it *on*?—to the primitive stockbroker. Meredith brings the Victorian novel to a close with a panegyric of power. That, as I believe Irving Babbit pointed out in his severe essay on the Romantic movement some years ago, is its penultimate act. The last, we are seeing to-day: its suicide and annihilation. For an ordinary swashbuckler, Henley was very perceptive when he made his remark about "the razor of the spiritual suicide."

If Energy is always Meredith's subject—he speaks with open admiration of the fierce energy of the heart in self-love—it draws out all his powers in *The Egoist*. This novel takes Meredith's frightful vices as a novelist (and there are moments when one simply cannot consider him as a novelist at all) and turns them into virtues. And those virtues belong to the original English tradition. Take character: is there a character outside the central one in *The Egoist* or in a book like *One of Our Conquerors* whom we can fix in our mind? Clara Middleton is "a rogue in porcelain"; what on earth is that? What do we visualise—a tomboy or a vase? Vernon Whitford—what is he beyond a lugubrious moan, a mere mouthpiece? Would we recognise Colonel De Craye or Mrs. Mountstuart if we met them? Do they develop? Do we even remember them as we read, foreseeing the sort of thing they will say or do? Not at all. Two women are compared to yachts and that image de-humanises them. The fact is that Meredith has next to no observation of people. They are things which make him think of something else. Bursting with himself, he knows other people only as they stimulate his ego. He, transfigured and universalised into a general ogre as Sir Willoughby Patterne, is the only character in this book. One of the really colossal acts of Meredith's egoism is performed towards the end of the book when, having exhausted the egoism of Sir Willoughby, Meredith turns naturally for fresh prey and discovers Laetitia (of all people) to be an egoist, too. All the characters are Meredith, therefore they are nothing. By going on to the stage with his puppets, Thackeray brought them all to life; Meredith goes on to the stage and drives off the people by acting all their parts for them. It is very tiring.

More than tiring; it simply kills an ordinary problem novel like *One of Our Conquerors* by sheer effusiveness and insensibility. Since everyone is at white heat none is distinguishable, and by none are we moved. We are reading a criticism before we have been given the story. How then does this become a virtue in *The Egoist*? In the first place *The Egoist* is a great comic abstraction from the realistic treatment of life. As Virginia Woolf said, Meredith here pays you the compliment of assuming that you are capable of fantasy, that you can understand a comedy of ideas. You are clever at assuming an intellectual attitude. You can respond to implications. You can "take" people continuously at the top of their form. Sir Willoughby's leg struts, twinkles, smiles, and if Meredith wanted to say it also ate, played the violin and was as jealous as Othello, you would accept all that. Illusion is heightened. But in a problem novel like *One of Our Conquerors*, half the metaphors and allusions are like dough thrown into the narrative: "We cry to women: Land Ho!" he writes, in the midst of an affecting scene in this novel—

> a land of palms after storms at sea; and at once they inundate us with a deluge of eye-water.
>
> "Half a minute, dear Victor, not longer," Nataly said, weeping, near on laughing over his look of wanton abandonment to despair at sight of her tears. "Don't mind me. I'm rather like Fenellan's laundress, the tearful woman whose professional apparatus was her soft heart and a cake of soap."

So, in the middle of their finer moments the Rhine-maidens may relieve the tension by throwing sausage at one another. Or there is that awful, prolonged comparison of the clouds over London with Rubens's *Rape of the Sabine Women*. Meredith would have needed the sensuality of the Welsh or the hilarious grossness of the German to have brought such galumphing fancies into the picture.

In *The Egoist* such errors of taste vanish before the dance of his intellect. He is—and do we not find this in almost all the Victorian novelists when they are at their best and when they cause us no embarrassment—back in the tradition of the eighteenth century. *The Egoist* continues the course set by *Jonathan Wild* when the English novel was emerging from the theatre. Even the subject—self-love, isolated from all the other human passions and set supreme among them—is a typically eighteenth-century exaggeration. But what makes it more than that? What is it that gives *The Egoist* its peculiar breadth and authority? There are two things, I believe. The first, that the subject has the total power of Meredith's own egoism and self-knowledge behind it; it is his unashamedly, his subject seen and understood in maturity. The second is the constant implication that Sir Willoughby is more than himself, more even than a purely general moral analysis of egoism such as the eighteenth century would have given us; he has the weight of the country behind him. His portrait is the portrait of the dominant English temper of the time. Sir Willoughby and the presumptuous English scene in the high noon of its self-confidence, play into each other's hands. This is more than the eighteenth century achieved; it is something nearly Elizabethan.

The duality and depth of the main theme hurry one over the tedium of Meredith's minor scenes, putting vitality into those epigrams which in the eighteenth century had a formal parsimony. Sir Willoughby's egoism was more than conceit; it had the conscious zest of the man hunt. He was "quaintly incapable of jealousy of individuals—his enemy was the world, the mass which confounds us in a lump . . . the pleasure of the world is to bowl down our soldierly letter I." Or, again:

> Consider him indulgently: the Egoist is the Son of Himself. He is likewise the Father. And the son loves the father, the father the son. . . . Are you, without much offending, sacrificed by them, it is on the altar of their mutual love, to filial piety or paternal tenderness.

Self-torture itself is indulged to feed this ravenous pride.

One could go on quoting. Here, if at any time, Meredith had the razor in his hand. We, too, if we are egoists, reach for it and raise it to our throats. And yet the act is not committed. The duty of primitive man is to survive, the duty of the civilised to sustain the pose.

It has been said, I believe, that Meredith had the misfortune to arrive at a moment when the English novel had come to a dead end, and that he was incapable of giving it a new direction. What is meant, I suppose, is that the Russian and the French novels, in their very different ways, pushed Meredith into a corner; and Henry James outpaced him somewhat on his own ground for James's involutions are the vehicle of a sensibility which Meredith lacked. He had the barrenness of the visual writer. But in one or two ways Meredith does strike out afresh for the English novel. His concentration on a series of psychological phases, his study of crisis rather than character, foreshadows the work, oddly enough, of a prophetic writer like D. H. Lawrence and of a sensibility like Mrs. Woolf's or E. M. Forster's. He thinks of lives in terms of subjects instead of character or narrative; and in this sense he is revolutionary. But he is a revolutionary who does not revolve; the wheels of that astonishing mind move so fast that in the end they do not appear to be moving at all.

V. S. Pritchett

PILOTS

Men of the R.A.F. By Sir William Rothenstein and Lord David Cecil. *Oxford University Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Winged Squadrons. By Cecil Beaton. *Hutchinson.* 5*s.*

It requires uncommon skill and sensibility to write with decorum about the men of the R.A.F. The strangeness of their way of life excites too violently the imagination, and it is hard not to be embarrassed by one's sense of inferiority, and tongue-tied or hyperbolical from admiring with such intensity. The authors of these books, however, set an example by avoiding all inflated talk about Paladins of the Air. Sir William Rothenstein derives some advantage from his age, which facilitates detachment. (Younger men, though too old to fly, cannot help putting themselves in the pilots' place, and wondering uneasily how they would support the strain.) Lord David Cecil, having spent much less time than the other two at air stations, remains a trifle

breathless with astonishment, though his account is both elegant and sensitive. Mr. Beaton's impressions are the most informative and penetrating. They have left me with the conviction that if he had been fifteen years younger he would have made an excellent pilot, for his character has enabled him to attain a great degree of fellow feeling with the men he describes. Consequently his book strikes me as much the best of its sort that has yet appeared.

The audacity and cold determination of the pilots are already a part of history. There is therefore a tendency to invest them with the virtues of the statesman and the Christian, while neglecting the fact that they are first and foremost superlative technicians. To fancy that they are usually idealists fired by a passion for democracy or the British Empire is hardly less mistaken, I believe, than to fear that they intend imposing themselves as some sort of Fascist corps. They are individuals, so various in their opinions and capacities that most generalisations about them must be futile. Sir William, rather unkindly, quotes—without approving—a silly remark made to him when he was drawing portraits of pilots by Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, then on a tribunal for conscientious objectors: "You have to do with the noblest, I with the least noble, of men." Pilots, of course, no less than pacifists, are a mixed bag. Some are philosophers, some are as foolish as any don; æsthetes and gangsters fly wing to wing. The temperaments of the R.A.F. officers are as various as the social backgrounds from which they come. And they find themselves with men from all the Dominions and occupied countries. What they have in common is, first, the active courage that makes them wishful, and capable, of flying; secondly, a pattern of behaviour imposed by their training and communal life. It is all too easy when one writes about pilots to generalise on assumptions drawn from this pattern, forgetting that behaviour is distinct from the feelings, though it influences them. The most conspicuous feature of this imposed code is the insistence upon outward modesty. Understatement is *de rigueur*, and there is a calculated veto on "shooting a line"—which includes not only exaggeration but any hint of boasting. (A similar pressure is, of course, a part—one of the better parts—of the Public School tradition; but the R.A.F. trains many officers untouched by this.) At the same time self-assurance and, indeed, a degree of "cockiness" are necessary to the pilot, especially to the fighter-pilot. It is possible that senior officers, trained in the Army, took too little account of this, and have sought to impose in the R.A.F. an inappropriate emphasis upon regimentation.

Sir William Rothenstein, like most writers and painters, has doubtless enjoyed a life among congenial spirits, fairly well sheltered from the Philistines, and he is candid in describing his surprise at the low standard of culture in the R.A.F. Most of the young men on whom the future of civilisation has depended care nothing for good books, good pictures or good music. This is to be expected, since Public and secondary schools usually fail to foster any gift a boy may have for the exercise of his critical and imaginative powers. Nevertheless, mental ability in the R.A.F. is greatly above the average. Stiffish examinations have to be passed; and an instructor, when I asked him what he considered the quality most valuable to a fighter pilot, answered "intelligence." Indeed, the attraction exercised by the R.A.F. upon the most intelligent young men has been damaging to the Army. People complain about our military Command, but which of them, in the past, if he had had a clever son, would have encouraged him to be a professional soldier? And to-day the young men who in the last war would have been the pick of subalterns, have usually, I believe, chosen to serve in the air.

Mr. Beaton is interesting about the temperamental differences between the fighter and the bomber, and the methods by which during their early training men are divided into the two categories. When I had the luck to stay as a guest at a fighter station, I was told I should find the atmosphere of a bomber station remarkably different, but the chance to visit one has not come my way. The fascination of a fighter's life is not difficult to understand; important as is co-operation with his wing, the time comes when he is engaged in a duel, dependent only upon his individual skill and courage, an action satisfying, as no other form of modern warfare can, some of man's deepest impulses. How much more difficult it is for the civilian to imagine himself possessing the patient, grim fortitude of the bomber-crew, propelled through the dark for hour upon hour towards an eruption of steel and fire. The reward is only the satisfaction of having accomplished an immensely perilous duty, with no *panache*, unexhilarated by any gratification of the instincts. Mr. Beaton comments:

> A technical feat has been accomplished, and they do not like to think too much about the punishment they inflict. . . . Buffeted in a sea of hostile fire and metal explosives, the crews gain a satisfaction in knowing when they have scored a bull's-eye—that their work has not been in vain. But all the time I have spent at an R.A.F. station, or munition factory, I have never heard Lord Beaverbrook's expression "beautiful bombs."

Trying to hide his sympathy, Mr. Beaton asked a rear-gunner if during those long hours of the trip he did not become rather bored: "Bored," he answered, "you're too frightened to be bored." But on the ground there is much boredom for all; the weather is uncertain, orders do not arrive, fighters are for days on end "at readiness" in the dispersal huts. You cannot spend even a day at an operational station without being struck by the hideous amount of "hanging about"—inevitable, no doubt, but how exacting to the nerves. Mr. Beaton writes admirably about the precautions taken to prevent, and to discover, psychological strain. Thus, if operations have been cancelled during the hours that pilots are snatching their last chance of sleep,

> an orderly is sent, even if it be in the middle of the night, to wake these men and inform them of the change of plans. This is for the benefit of those who, knowing that they are to be called early for operations, sleep less soundly, just as we may sleep rather spasmodically when we have an early train to catch.

At an air station, isolated, as if in a battleship, an immense crew of technicians live concentrated upon their functions, aware of the world outside only as sailors are aware of the pleasures offered by a port where men speak a foreign tongue. Since, moreover, we who owe to these men our current liberty prefer to pay them cheaply in compliments rather than in cash, some spend the last leisure hours of their brief lives on their station, lacking the money, or even perhaps the clean uniform, needed for a final taste of terrestrial enjoyments. It is a fault in these books that, produced as they doubtless are, under official auspices, no hint is given of such injustices. Nor are we told nearly enough about the pilot-sergeants, or offered any explanation of what seems their anomalous position. But all three authors write with enthusiasm and good sense, and Mr. Beaton in particular shows extraordinary intuition and sympathy. His ear is as sharp as his eye, and his command of language excites my admiring envy. Sir William's drawings fail to express the interest he reveals in his prose, but Mr. Beaton's photographs, if most of them were not reproduced on too small a scale, would be almost as moving and illuminating as his text. Against a background of bizarre instruments or impersonal rooms, we are shown the faces of young men withdrawn into a life remote from ours, absorbed in the mystery of the daily competition between death and their technique.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

THE PERFECT SECRETARY

Private and Official. By NOURAH WATERHOUSE. *Cape.* 18s.

This book illustrates quite remarkably the truth of Mr. Chesterton's admirable epigram that the greatest event in English history in the nineteenth century was the Revolution that did not happen. In form, Lady Waterhouse has written reminiscences of her husband's career during the first fifty years of his life. Pieces from the family album are interspersed with snapshots from Marlborough and Oxford, a little hunting, a little exploration; then there is a glimpse of the South African war, a faint etching of secret service between 1914 and 1918, and Sir Ronald Waterhouse becomes assistant private secretary to Mr. Bonar Law. After a brief interlude with the Duke of York (now George VI), he becomes principal private secretary to Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. This part of the book is rather like a wan continuation of the late Lord Esher's *Diaries*. We leave Sir Ronald returning to private life to recoup his personal fortunes in 1928.

There are many things of great interest in the book. The portraits of Mr. Bonar Law and of Lord Baldwin are skilfully done; the account of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald learning how to act as Prime Minister throws light on many things. But what Lady Waterhouse has written is interesting less for any positive additions to our knowledge than for the values it reveals in that small group who have ruled Britain, with two brief intervals, almost continuously since the civil wars of the seventeenth century. Everything connected with royalty, British or foreign, is of vital importance. It is an event when Mr. Baldwin invites the Old Berkeley to meet at Chequers. Mrs. Baldwin has preserved a "lasting reputation" as founder of the White Heather Cricket Club. Lady Cunard wonders whether Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, being a Labour leader, knows his way about the knives and forks. The ballroom at Mar Lodge is decorated with 3,000 stag heads, most of which were killed by the late Duke of Fife. The Foreign Office prepares a Who's Who of eighty names to enable the King to identify the notabilities he would meet at the marriage of Alexander I of Jugoslavia; and "every name was confined to a single flimsy slip measuring about 3 ins. by 8 ins., and all these were bound together at one end for convenient disposal beneath a tunic sleeve." Lady Waterhouse generously prints the letter her husband wrote to the present King on his marriage; it is, I think, only surpassed in its class by the letter from Disraeli to Queen Victoria acknowledging the gift (bound in white morocco) of the Prince Consort's speeches.

It is, for half the book, the typical life of the pre-war British cavalry officer in a crack regiment, seeking ways of overcoming the ennui of existence. Then, for the second half, it is scraps (sometimes very revealing scraps) from the life of the perfect private secretary to the chief Minister of the Crown. If this is to say Sir Ronald Waterhouse ever had ideas of his own, save on one occasion, we do not discover them. He is concerned with the ritual of office. Its implications are recorded with a devotion the zest for which it is impossible not to admire. Perhaps it is her interest in the forms of his work that makes Lady Waterhouse imagine that M. Herriot was a Socialist Prime Minister; the Foreign Office evidently did not prepare a Who's Who of French political parties. It would be interesting to know what evidence she has for her statement that, in the General Strike of 1926, "orders were issued by the Trade Union leaders to paralyse and break down the supply of food and the necessities of life" (p. 338); the exact opposite is in fact the case. If the letter to the present King on February 8, 1927, describing the opening debate of the new session is an index to Sir Ronald's views on politics, it is worth remarking, perhaps, that they were elegantly expressed rather than profoundly conceived; a young prince receiving instruction in political principles might well have been given some insight (which perhaps Sir Ronald did not himself possess) into the unconscious assumptions of the report. Indeed, the one moment in this book where royalty ceases to perform its elegant minuet is in the moving story of Mr. Wheatley's first conversation with George V; there is the sudden

emergence of a reality the presence of which is very rare in Lady Waterhouse's pages. For the real lessons of this book are, first, that until the Labour Government of 1924, the class in society amidst which she and her husband moved had no sense of Labour leaders as part of the nation to which they belonged; and, secondly, that beneath the elegant nonchalance of the gentlemen of England there is a profound passion for power which shows no hint of willingness to widen its base. The reader of Lady Waterhouse's pages will have no difficulty in understanding why Mr. Churchill does not desire that controversial issues should be raised in wartime; for these touch at once the gentleman's willingness to widen the basis of power. It is easy to see why Mr. Churchill seeks to postpone that debate.

Lady Waterhouse here reveals (to my knowledge for the first time) that it was her husband who suggested to Sir Alexander Grant the gift of the motor-car and its endowment in 1924. I wish she would explain why, in the critical days when Mr. MacDonald was so viciously attacked for accepting it, Sir Ronald did not publish the true story. The fact that, as she says, he was "unfortunately never consulted again as to the procedure" seems a very lame reason for a silence which permitted grave injustice to be done. Her view that "no sensible person" would possibly "misinterpret" the "childishly innocent" proceedings excludes from that category some of the leading political figures of the day. Even in Prime Ministers' private secretaries there are times when the official can become a man.

HAROLD J. LASKI

TOTAL NEGLIGENCE

The Old Churches of London. By GERALD COBB AND GEOFFREY WEBB. *Batsford.* 15s.

Describing a chance Sunday visit to one of the City churches—possibly St. James' Garlickhithe—Charles Dickens confessed himself shocked by the dingy aspect of the interior, the absence of congregation, the rickety altar and damp Commandments. He affected to have been choked by the dust that drifted from decaying woodwork, from matting and rusting iron and mildewed stone. Writing without sympathy and without appreciation, he represented the church as he had seen it on that idle Sunday afternoon—a useless building: "there are few more striking indications of the change of manners and customs than these deserted churches . . . like the tombs of the old citizens who lie beneath and around them, Monuments of Another Age." Many of his contemporaries felt as he did upon the futility of the churches in the City; most people shared his ignorance of architectural merit. Dickens' essay had appeared in the *Uncommercial Traveller* in 1859. In 1860 the notorious Union of Benefices Act became law and the City churches were doomed. One after another they came tumbling down—St. Dionis Backchurch, St. Benet Gracechurch, St. Michael Bassishaw, St. Mary Somerset, and a dozen more. The argument for the demolition—or "translation to the suburbs"—of Wren's churches was logical and even foolproof. The City contained a very great number of churches, and a dwindling number of parishioners. The sites the churches occupied were of growing financial value. The London Diocese needed money for the erection of new churches in the new suburbs. And so the destruction, complete with services of "deconsecration," went ahead. Protests were at first confined to people such as Morris and Holman Hunt, but a City Churches Protection Society was founded, deplorably late, in 1879, and obtained support from a surprising quarter, Cheyne Row: "My clear feeling," wrote Carlyle to the Society, "is that it would be a sordid, nay a sinful, piece of barbarism to do other than religiously preserve these churches as precious heirlooms." But, sordid or sinful, the process once begun could not, it seemed, be stopped. Attempts made by Bishop Jackson to speed the pace by abolishing the need for Vestry's consent to any specific demolition were indeed frustrated; but in all sixteen of Wren's churches were sacrificed under the Act. At the close of the last war an Anglican Commission set up to reconsider the problem of the City Churches strongly recommended that another nineteen Wren buildings should be pulled down. A modified version of this scheme passed the Church Assembly in 1924, but was defeated in the House of Commons.

With this record of legalised vandalism in mind, we may not be surprised at the negligence of the Church authorities during the winter raids of 1940 to 1941. The author of this book is an enthusiast, writing of the London churches with knowledge and affection. As an enthusiast he is inevitably indignant at the complacency shown by the London Diocese during that destructive winter of a year ago. There was no organisation for protecting the churches from incendiary bombs; there was no attempt to evacuate particular objects of beauty and value from the churches; in spite of the lesson of Coventry, church doors were locked and churches empty each night. Even after the first raid of December, 1940, little was done, and it was left to private zeal to secure the removal to safety of a single famous bust from St. Olave Hart Street (a church since totally destroyed), and to provide a few hundred sandbags to surround Rahere's tomb in the splendid and ancient monastery church of St. Bartholomew the Great. The Church of England failed miserably to defend these buildings which, technically its own, of right belong by their architectural and historical importance to the whole nation. In one sense the Anglican authorities are only the guardians or trustees of the City churches. Surely never was a trust more indolently and apathetically betrayed.

It is to the London Diocesan Authorities in particular that I would like to recommend this beautifully illustrated book. Beneath too many photographs we find the words "burned 1940," "destroyed 1941"; but then the number of these captions is only equalled by the series "demolished 18—." As his title indicates, Mr. Cobb attempts to deal shortly with the many ecclesiastical buildings of London which can loosely be termed "old." Somewhat naturally his largest section is devoted to Wren, and he gives us much interesting if diffuse information upon the constructional costs of the churches, the varieties in tower, pulpit and mouldings to be seen in the City, and many other things of the same nature. His aims are essentially modest, and it would be a shame to accuse him of lack of scholarship when he does not set out to be scholarly. I think that what he has set out to do is to remind us gently (before it is altogether too late) how much there still is to be seen and preserved in London's churches. If this be his intention, how well he has succeeded; for whether he is writing of Wren or of Hawksmoor, of Cockerell or the Waterloo churches, he writes with a warmth of feeling that automatically puts us in his debt.

JAMES POPE-HENNESSY

A SCOTTISH SURGEON

The Life and Teaching of Sir William MacEwen. By A. K. BOWMAN. *Hodge.* 21s.

Sir William MacEwen, who for thirty years was Regius Professor of Surgery in the University of Glasgow, died in 1924. He was a pupil and, later, a friend of Lister, to whose influence the trend of many of his surgical and scientific activities was due. Though his name is not associated with any great general principle, as was Lister's, MacEwen was widely recognised in Britain and in the States as one of the greatest surgeons of his

THE Yorkshire Post

leads the steady opinion of the North

★

Ask for it at your Club, Library or Newsagent

COAL AND THE NATION'S WAR EFFORT
by ARTHUR HORNER
(President, South Wales Miners' Federation)

June

LABOUR MONTHLY
(SIXPENCE)

Other articles:

INTO ACTION - - R.P.D.
THE LABOUR MOVEMENT AND THE WAR - - - - R. Palme Dutt
FIRST THINGS FIRST - - - - D. N. Pritt, K.C., M.P.
THE NEW STAGE OF THE WAR - - Wm. Rust
INDIA FOR ACTION V. K. Krishna Menon
THE NEW BUDGET John Knight
THE MOVEMENT FOR BRITISH-SOVIET UNITY - C. E. Fearn
BOOK REVIEW - - Mulk Raj Anand

Subscription Terms to LABOUR MONTHLY:
One year ... ... 7s. 0d.
Six months ... ... 3s. 6d.
Single copies ... ... 7d. post paid

LABOUR MONTHLY, 134 Ballards Lane, LONDON, N.3.

VITAL BOOKS
Just Published

RENNIE MACANDREW'S ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SEX AND LOVE TECHNIQUE. Seven Parts. Price 20/-. Postage 7d. The book is free from tedious medical terms, being written in the author's usual easy style and its object is to provide knowledge of sex and love throughout the whole span of human life.

THE REALITIES OF MARRIAGE. 8/6
By DR. G. C. BEALE. This work deals in a comprehensive manner with the whole subject. It is a necessary book alike for the married and those contemplating marriage.

WOMAN'S CHANGE OF LIFE. 5/6
An entirely practical book which will prove of inestimable value to every woman. "Modern Woman" says:—"Middle-aged women will find much to help them."

FAMILY LIMITATION—The Natural Way. 1/3
By D. MURRAY DAVEY. To many people because of religious or other convictions, artificiality in the matter of Birth Control is repugnant. This new book is intended for those people. It describes in detail a proved method.

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AFFAIRS AND MARRIAGE. 5/-
By RENNIE MACANDREW. An explanation of men to women and women to men—to clarify ideas—to illustrate the differences of Friendship, Love and Marriage.

THE RED LIGHT. 1/9
A book of sane and logical instruction on Intimate Hygiene for Men and Women. "Frankly written—sincere and unsuggestive—as indispensable to those in uniform as a Service Gas Mask—the best eighteenpenny-worth in its line yet published."—*Superman.*

All prices include postage. Send your order to:
THE WALES PUBLISHING CO.,
Dept. 169, 26 Charing Cross Rd., London, W.C.2
Complete Catalogue sent free on request.

INDIA & CEYLON
BOMBAY
COLOMBO
CALCUTTA
ELLERMAN'S CITY & HALL LINES

Tudor Court, Fairmile Park Road, Cobham, Surrey.
Tower Building, Liverpool.
Woodbank Hotel, Balloch, Dumbartonshire

time. His mind was an active and critical one; and he advanced no theory or practice which he had not tested and confirmed by experimental trial.

Although MacEwen died eighteen years ago, no full account of his life and surgical activities has, until now, been given us by any of his pupils or professional colleagues. The Scots are great hero-worshippers; their heroes being generally, like themselves, Scottish. Dr. Bowman, who is Regional Medical Officer to the Department of Health for Scotland, is an old student of MacEwen's; and his volume, informative, well-documented and technically interesting as it is, illustrates this national trait by hyper-laudation of such a degree as to prejudice the less enthusiastic Sassenach reader. Here, for instance, are one or two typical quotations from Dr. Bowman's preface. "The work of Sir William MacEwen amounted to nothing less than a striking of infirmities from human life. His influence upon the theory and practice of surgery can hardly be measured by any standard at our disposal." And again, "To do justice to the memory of Sir William MacEwen would demand the availability of powers of speech and description far beyond the limits of those developed by the ordinary man." To the general reader, even to the general medical reader, the book will prove interesting and instructive, less from the particulars given of the events of Sir William MacEwen's personal life, than from the excellent chapters devoted to the many advances in surgery and in hospital organisation with which the name of this great Glasgow surgeon was associated. MacEwen played an active part in the early development of the aseptic technique in surgery; and the chapters on "Antisepsis and Asepsis," "On Wounds and Wounding" and "On Osteotomy" will interest even non-medical readers with a scientific bent.

HARRY ROBERTS

NEW NOVELS

Henry Pulham, Esquire. By JOHN P. MARQUAND. *Robert Hale.* 9s.
God Bless the Devil. By THE TENNESSEE WRITERS' PROJECT. *Oxford.* 12s.
A Story to Tell. By PETER FLEMING. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.
Breakfast with the Nikolides. By RUMER GODDEN. *Peter Davies.* 7s. 6d.

Serenity and resignation are uncommon qualities in a contemporary novel; the writer is usually whipping his characters into a lather about sex or politics or some kind of soul-starvation.

And now here comes Mr. Marquand with more than a trace of detachment. His vocabulary is the meagre one of the literary puritan. His story is conventional. His hero, Henry Pulham, is an investment counsellor (which, I suppose, is to a stockbroker what a mortician is to an undertaker)—a slightly pompous, humdrum, upper-class bromide of the routine sort. Comparison with *Babbitt* is inevitable, and it will serve to indicate the unromantic, type-citizen aura which surrounds Pulham.

The framework of the book is ingenious. Pulham's university class is about to have its twenty-fifth reunion. In the United States this function amounts to a pretty lavish jamboree, and Pulham is landed with the task of preparing a volume of Old Boys' autobiographical life-stories. The reading of a specimen launches him on a flashback of his own life. He ends by writing his personal story, as dull and pitifully inadequate as the awful specimen. The contrast between what he writes and what—in the book—he has told us, makes a magnificent finale compounded of humour and irony and pathos.

The ground-bass of Old Boys constantly intervening in Pulham's life is brilliantly done. Among these portraits, that of Bo-jo Brown, the football bore, stands out for its malicious accuracy, though not even in the funniest moments does Mr. Marquand look up and catch the reader's eye: the characters betray themselves to our laughter without being pushed by the author. Mr. Marquand refuses either to deride or to burlesque his characters. One can be smart or angry with Pulham-ism—in either case the author washes his hands of it and retires to the alternative company of a few intelligent friends.

In *Henry Pulham, Esquire* Mr. Marquand gives us a mature and absorbing portrait, of finely graded tones and a very positive touch. The only relevant criticism would be of the *level* of achievement. But not an inch of it has been bungled.

God Bless the Devil, unlike Mr. Marquand's novel, is the kind of book that all too easily passes unnoticed if the reviewers don't give it a fillip. A collection of folk-tales, transcribed by writers of the Tennessee Writers' Project and sponsored by the University of North Carolina, may sound as if it lacked the piquancy of popular appeal. These stories belong to the courthouse steps or *Liars' Bench*, a "gathering-place for local historians, yarn-spinners and wags." In many re-tellings they have acquired polish, tautness and abundant exaggeration. The best of them, gathered in this volume, are extremely amusing to read. Some are gorgeously and absurdly fantastic, some record the incredible vendettas and savage practical jokes in which the Southerner seems to delight; these latter are particularly valuable for the light they throw on Faulkner's novels. Not the least attractive part of these stories is their vernacular, which runs easily to mock-epic clowning:

> Doc Myrick got every brawl case that could be brought to him in one piece and at times he downright had seamstress's cramp from stitching up wounds. Oftentimes a man would be too chewed up with buckshot to be sewed and then Doc would have to sort of darn him.

But a short excerpt hardly does justice to their raciness and gusto. They must be read in full, and preferably aloud.

I imagine *God Bless the Devil* would please Peter Fleming, who, in his gracefully modest preface to *A Story to Tell*, enrols himself under the banner of Maupassant (incidentally a great transcriber of folk tales) against the disciples of Chehov. Unfortunately Captain Fleming, in his own stories, is nearer to O. Henry than to Maupassant; his enthusiasm for plot-inventiveness dwindles to a knack for last-line twists. This kind of story, to be supportable, must at least be flawless in its argument and sudden in its surprise. Captain Fleming "signals his punch" too long before he can deliver it, and he is apt to gloss over imperfect logic. To give one example, the story *O Brave New World* depends for its whole effect on the inability of a man suffering from loss of memory to discover the colour of his own hair without a mirror. I will not describe the ways in which this might be done, but I assure Captain Fleming there are several.

I have kept *Breakfast with the Nikolides* until last, because it is a book that naturally stands apart, and because I wanted to clear my mind of the other books on my list before commenting on this quite exceptional novel of Rumer Godden's. It is the story of one trivial incident in an unhappy marriage, which sums up the past and so intensifies the whole circumstance that each character is transformed. The choice and development of such an incident is one of the crucial tests of a novelist's skill: it must be a complete microcosm in which everything relevant is concentrated. This dramatic "moment" in *Breakfast with the Nikolides* is remarkable for its apparent slightness and for the tremendous power it releases. An Englishwoman in India decides to have her daughter's dog destroyed on suspicion of rabies. The child is sent away with her sister for a few hours on a "treat" without knowing

Health tip!

COOLTIPT

the cigarette* with the natural filter—cotton wool—which absorbs all the dust as well as the heat and nicotine.

ABDULLA COOLTIPT 20 for 2/-

* For 'Virginia' Smokers

There's a man!

Among the tens of thousands of readers of this paper there is a man who has always cared about his clothes. Nobody would say that he is "smartly dressed." He just looks comfortable and right in his clothes. He obviously knows precisely what he wants and will go to as much trouble as is necessary to get it.

Goss can save that man a lot of trouble and possibly some money. Is it you?

A Goss suit or overcoat of the best materials costs from Ten to Fourteen Guineas. All prices plus Purchase Tax.

T. GOSS & COMPANY

GOSS Tailoring

35 Sackville Street, Piccadilly, W.1 Regent 3329

INSURE with

THE LONDON & LANCASHIRE INSURANCE Co LTD

Chief Administration:

7, CHANCERY LANE

LONDON, W.C.2

FOOD STOCKS MUST BE SAFEGUARDED

If you do not get your usual supply of HOVIS under the present restrictions, please be patient

HOVIS

Best Bakers Bake It Macclesfield

that the dog is to be killed; and subsequently the truth is withheld from her. This minor treachery brings to a head the abiding hostility between mother and daughter, and underlines the insecurity which the child suffers from the rift between her parents. The prudential subterfuges and fear-ridden wilfulness of the mother poison her relationship, not only with her immediate family, but with the Indians among whom they live. The spell of horror and emotional failure only begins to break when the almost demented child turns to reprisals, with precisely the moral courage and ingenuous passion that her mother has lacked; and it is here—in the cold stubborn fury of the child—that the book reaches its greatest heights. After a climax of remarkable power and intensity the story falls away with a lovely composure to its conclusion.

The plot, even in my inadequate summary, can be judged as distinctively individual as the title. It is handled in an equally individual manner. No novelist was ever less garrulous about the facts on which his tale is founded. The unhappy past of the parents throws its shadow across the action, but it remains legendary and remote. Each character gains in volume and impact by having so much submerged below the level of what is told. Apparently the husband, like Soames Forsyte, "raped" his wife. There are recurring hints of a morbid and febrile melodrama in their relationship. At times it misses fire and threatens to degenerate into "strong passion" of the Ethel M. Dell sort—indeed, the husband never entirely ceases to be a prig for all that his author does to make him sympathetic. The opening scenes are crudely written, even the style is repellent. But from the moment the children go to breakfast with their Greek neighbours the story stretches its wings. The tremendous strategy of the child, the progressive faltering of the mother, the remorseless and ultimately benevolent train of consequences in which the Indian characters are also involved—in this major sequence Rumer Godden seizes and retains a complete mastery of the occasion. Incident and character are less important here than that poetry of mood and circumstance which colours every detail and haunts the mind after the book is put aside. *Breakfast with the Nikolides* has this quality in a very high degree. I have seldom been so deeply impressed by my first taste of a new or comparatively new novelist, and I urge readers not to neglect a writer who possesses such a rich and sensitive talent.

HENRY STURGESS

Week-end Competitions

No. 644

Set by William Whitebait

Writers are fond of imagining that they could have achieved success in other walks of life. Mr. Desmond MacCarthy has recently informed us that he would have made the perfect butler. Competitors are asked to guess the alternative careers of one of the following: Henry James, "Erewhon" Butler, De Quincey, Proust, Shelley, James Joyce, Wordsworth, Jane Austen, Baudelaire, Gibbon, Oscar Wilde; and to give, in the author's own words, reasons for his choice. Limit 200 words.

RULES—

Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Monday, June 15th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 641

Set by G. W. Stonier

We understand that Miss Gertrude Stein has set herself the task of translating Pétain's speeches for American readers. No doubt other eminent exiles will follow her example and we shall have Hitler interpreted by P. G. Wodehouse and Mussolini in terms of Ezra Pound. An extract of not more than 200 words from one of these three is invited.

Report by G. W. Stonier

Mr. Wodehouse has, in fact, broadcast from Berlin, and Mr. Ezra Pound from Italy. Perhaps this basis of fact checked the exuberance of competitors; or the days when a dictator's bark could intimidate and thrill are quite forgotten. Anyway, the Stein stutter proved hardly less feeble than the feeblest utterances of the old Maréchal, though L. W. Bailey doodled agreeably.

The majority of competitors plumped for Wodehouse-Hitler. A bland fatuity replaced the familiar screams against democracy, boasts of victory in Russia, attacks on the Jew Churchill and the pirate Roosevelt. There were high spots in the entries of Allan M. Laing, H.T.S., L. V. Upward and Stanley J. Sharpless. The last, though it stretches the terms of the competition, is much the funniest and deserves first prize. Second to G. de Vavasour, whose Pound begins well.

PRIZES

I.—CARRY ON, ADOLF

BY P. G. WODEHOUSE

Of course, I've always been able to see the funny side. Perhaps that's why I rather took to Adolf. I'm bound to say I think the old soya has been a bit misunderstood. Granted that as a fuehrer Adolf often foozles his approach shots, still, underneath it all he's the right sort of chappie. A bit of a scream, if you like. But his heart's in the right place, even if his hair isn't. Of course, he's got absolutely no time for bounders. Look at the way he cleaned up Berlin. I've always been one for the glad eye myself. But Berlin night life used to be just too, too Sodom and Gomorrah. Well, along comes Adolf, gives a few hi-de-heils, and turns the whole thing into a pillar of salt. Good for the fuehrer-bird, what? He works frightfully hard, rushing about saluting and being too absolutely totalitarian for anything. He never touches cigarettes, drink, women—not a sausage. He only wears that funny little moustache thing to conceal a stiff upper lip, really. Any way, think it over, chaps; talk it over with the old herren folk at home. Cheeri-heil. STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

II.—EZRA POUND INTERPRETS A SPEECH BY MUSSOLINI

I, Mussolini,
Offer you no fine canzones,
But new courage, the morte saison over;
Let us go forth together, seeking for guerdon
Not the soft leaves of the vine or the olive,
But the sharp laurel, speckled with sword-gules . . .
What is the guerdon of the true Roman?
Money? a murrain for men unmeet;
Workers! look for no waxing wages.
Home? in the mine or mill your home lies;
Rootless, you ride at the Leader's ruling.
Bread? it is blood that the bold man craves.
Waiting, I hear
No susurrus of doubting, from knave or eunuch.
Haie! We are men of war, not jongleurs;
There is no home as fine as the war-field;
There is no wine like the blood's crimson;
War demands hard men with hearts of steel.

And you, women,
Lay down your orfevrerie,
Or, azure, cramoisie,
Your vair and broderie;
Wife and wound-tender,
You need no gauds for the men returning
Over the salt-path, the sand-acre.
Of broken heaume or of traist broken
Let no word be spoken.
We need new hands for the sword's music,
New blood to deepen the cobalt waters.
Haie! let us hear then only the stour-cry,
No heart so damned as to murmur Peace!

G. DE VAVASOUR

London University Degrees

U.C.C., founded 1887, prepares students for Matriculation, Special Entrance, Intermediate, and Degree examinations of London University. The College is an Educational Trust, not conducted primarily as a profit-making concern. Law fees; instalments. Free re-preparation in the event of failure. Over 10,000 U.C.C. students passed London University examinations during 1932-1941.

PROSPECTUS post free from the Registrar,

UNIVERSITY CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE
70, Burlington House, Cambridge

The
"DAILY WORKER"
thanks all democrats who helped in the fight for press freedom which resulted in the Labour Party Conference decision in favour of lifting the ban on the "Daily Worker." Please keep up the fight as the resistance is still very powerful.

DAILY WORKER LEAGUE,
150 Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

"IMMUNISATION AGAINST DIPHTHERIA"
Everyone should know and understand this vital question, authoritatively dealt with by M. Beddow Bayly, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.

A veritable mine of information. Of particular interest to Medical Officers of Health, Local Government Officials and all who have to make decisions regarding their children.

Sent for 6d., post free, from The Secretary, 25, Denison House, 296, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1.

TOWARDS THE FUTURE
Train now for a post-war career and for a present hobby. You cannot afford to let your mind rust. Develop your literary tastes by studying in spare time under the Hall Fees scheme of the London School of Journalism—the only one under the patronage of the leading newspaper proprietors.
Articles, Stories or Poetry for a hobby; Staff Journalism as a career. Personal coaching, by correspondence; no curtailment or time limit. Free advice and book "Writing for the Press" from Prospectus Office, L.S.J., 57 Gordon Square, W.C.1. Mus. 4574.

A POSTAL SUBSCRIPTION, to any address in the world, costs: Yearly, 32s. 6d., Six months, 16s. 3d., Three months, 8s. 6d. New Subscriptions now only accepted on condition that they are started as soon as lapsed ones make copies available.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 2s. 3d. per line (average 6 words) per insertion. Box Numbers, 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Insertion not guaranteed. Copy Tuesday (latest).

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1. *Hol.* 3216

FALSE TEETH and proper mastication

A loose denture, besides causing discomfort and embarrassment, makes it impossible for you to masticate your food properly. Correct fitting can, however, be restored by using KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE, specifically prepared *to make false teeth fit firmly*. This tasteless and odourless white powder, sprinkled on the contact surface of the plate after cleaning, will hold it securely and comfortably in position for many hours. Sprinkler tins for pocket or handbag 1/3d., also large "Economy" size 3/3d., from all Chemists.

KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE
is NOT liable to Purchase Tax and is NOT restricted by the Limitation of Supplies Act.

PURELY PERSONAL

IF YOU *MUST* TRAVEL—travel towards a tobacconist's. He may have a King Six Cigar to pass over for a few coppers—10½d., to be exact Excelsior!

DUTTON ONE-WEEK SHORTHAND
TEST FIRST LESSON

Have you ever scribbled out longhand notes, wishing all the time that you knew shorthand? If so, do you realise that shorthand can now be learnt in a total of 24 hours' study?

Dutton One-Week Shorthand makes this possible. You learn everything in twelve 2-hour lessons—in ONE WEEK if you study four hours daily. However, there is no set time-table or time limit. The Dutton Postal Course is therefore ideal for anyone wishing to learn shorthand in odd leisure hours. Practice gives speeds up to 200 words a minute.

Dutton Shorthand is used by over 50,000 writers throughout the world and is accepted by all examining bodies and in the Services. Send 3d. in Stamps to Dutton Shorthand School, Dept. N.S.14, 92-3, Gt. Russell Street, London, W.C.1, for Lesson One of the 12-lesson Course. This will be sent without any obligation ('Phone MUS. 7379).—(Advt.)